

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLVIII--NO. 2.

NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 26, 1915.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,766.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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A. H. SANBORN, Jr., Editor.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was first published in 1847, and is the oldest newspaper in the city. It is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. The paper is published at 10 cents per copy, and is sold by all news dealers. The subscription price is \$3.00 per annum in advance. The paper is published at 10 cents per copy, and is sold by all news dealers. The subscription price is \$3.00 per annum in advance.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had their regular meeting on Thursday evening, in addition to routine matters, in executive session, the following were elected members of the permanent fire department: John A. Doyle, William Mohr, Patrick P. Burns, James T. Douglas, Thomas C. Vayro, William J. Bourne, Cornelius Sullivan, and J. A. Johnson. Five others, J. P. Walsh, George Williams, Daniel P. Hayes, A. P. Conneely, and Bradford Shopley, were held on the eligible list. There was no election of mechanics, although the papers were looked over.

In open session, there was considerable talk about the unsanitary conditions on Bowen's wharf, on account of lack of a sewer, and the street commissioner was instructed to report on the money available, the board of health having already looked into the matter. A number of applications for motor hackney licenses were received and granted, except some from non-residents which were laid on the table. There was considerable discussion of highway matters, several of the aldermen having specific streets which they wished repaired in advance of others. A motion to designate certain streets failed of passage, and it was then voted to have the street commissioner meet with the board on Friday afternoon.

Crowd at Beach.

There was quite a crowd of people at the beach last Sunday, some special steamers coming down from the Bay with large numbers of people on board. The early afternoon saw a large gathering of people along the beach, but the brisk shower in the afternoon scattered them for a time, but in the evening another large number assembled. Everything was open in the amusement line, but it had been found impossible to have the restaurant ready for business on that day.

Improve the Parade.

There is a strong movement on foot to have the block pavement carried down the Parade to Thames street. There will be enough money left over from the Broadway pavement to pay for this continuation. It would seem to be the part of economy to have this portion of the street fixed now while the workmen are here. The Parade needs improving nearly as much as did Broadway. So by all means let the work be done now.

George Francis Ferry, son of Corporal George Ferry of the Ninety-seventh Company, Coast Artillery of Fort Adams, is to be a candidate for the appointment to the United States Military Academy by Congressman O'Shaughnessy. Ferry has been in an army post most of his life. He is a graduate of our schools and a very bright young man. The Congressman will do a good thing if he appoints him.

The board of aldermen and Street Commissioner Hamilton made a tour of the city on Monday afternoon, to look over conditions in various sections where highway work is in progress or has been ordered. Considerable friction was developed between Alderman Kelly and Street Commissioner Hamilton, the former taking exception to some of the plans that have been made by the Commissioner.

The Government has appointed a meat inspector for the various stations in this city. C. M. Butler, a lay inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry in Philadelphia, has been assigned to the work. He will take up his duties at Newport July 1st and will devote his entire time to them.

Broadway Progress.

Considerable progress is now apparent in the Broadway pavement work. The whole west side of the street well below Marlborough has now been completed and is open for traffic, and the east side of the street, between Marlborough and the Court house is being rapidly put into condition. The Newport & Providence graving has practically completed the work on its tracks as far as the crosswalk in front of the Court House, which is the present terminus of the work. There is, however, a strong movement on foot to carry the wooden block pavement down the whole of Washington square to Thames street, as it is believed that there is sufficient money remaining in the appropriation to pay for this.

The men of the Bay State Street Railway have begun work on their tracks at Lake's corner and have already progressed well down the street. As soon as they get far enough ahead the paving contractor will put his men in behind them to prepare the east side of the street for the new pavement. The change of grade at the foot of Ball street is still one of the important pieces of work to be done, but it will be left until the excavations reach that point.

Although the wooden blockwork is still covered with deep sand over the section where the work has been completed, those who have driven over it in automobiles or carriages are warm in their praise of the new pavement. As soon as the sand has had opportunity to fill in all the interstices between the blocks, the pavement will be kept clean. The rains that we have had lately have helped to wash the sand in where it is needed.

Joseph H. Caswell.

The funeral of Joseph H. Caswell took place last Saturday afternoon from his late residence on Channing street and was attended by a large gathering of friends and fellow-employees. The men of the highway department, in which for many years he had occupied the position of a foreman, attended in a body. Mr. Caswell was a veteran of the Civil war and the beautiful service of the Grand Army was read by Mr. Charles Clarke, who also paid the last honors by playing across his breast the flag for which he fought. Rev. J. A. Jones of the First Baptist Church officiated. There was a large number of floral tributes, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held by all who knew him. The bearers were Julius Burdick, John C. Weaver, Robert Cooper and George H. Kirby. The interment was in the old cemetery.

Death of a Veteran.

Captain Samuel A. Young died last Saturday at his home on Third street after an illness of several months. He was sixty-seven years of age, and for some time his health had been steadily failing. In 1891 Captain Young was made Superintendent of Bailey's Beach, a position that he had filled ever since in an eminently satisfactory manner. He was well known by all the patrons of that exclusive beach and was held in the highest esteem by them. He is survived by five children—William and Frederick Young and Mrs. Herbert Viall of this city, Charles Young of Providence, and Mrs. Avery of Manville.

A number of members of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, went to Miskania Camp in the town of Exeter on Wednesday, to celebrate St. John's Day. The trip was made across the ferries to Saunders-town, there being plenty of automobiles to carry the whole party. At the Camp, Colonel Herbert Bliss served one of his clambakes, to which all were well prepared to do justice.

Mr. William H. Royce of New York, is in charge of the new book store to be opened at 124 Bellevue Ave. on July 1st. In this store they have a great collection of rare books, many of them unique, gathered from all parts of the world. This store will be open evenings during the summer.

They were rather busy at Barney's Tuesday morning, placing a car of Jewett pianos that had just come in. Evidently the Jewett is a popular piano round Newport, as this makes the fourth car which has been shipped direct to Barney from the Jewett factories in Leominster since Apr. 5.

Miss Laura Neal Peckham, daughter of Councilman John J. Peckham, returned from a several weeks visit to Philadelphia, New York and New Haven, much improved in health.

Colonel and Mrs. Edward A. Sherman are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, and Mr. and Mrs. William R. Harvey on the birth of a daughter.

Miss Martha C. Codman has arrived for the season at her Bellevue avenue residence.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. John S. Peckham, a native of Middletown, died at midnight Thursday at his home, 110 Broadway, Providence, at the advanced age of 93. He was the oldest of the 10 children of Eliza and Elizabeth Dunham (Hylvestor) Peckham. While much of his earlier life was spent in Maine the greater part was passed in Providence. He had lived for 40 years in the house where he died.

He had been a practicing physician, and was ordained to the ministry of the Christian Church, preaching in Maine, in Providence, and on the island at Portsmouth. Later he became an expert cabinet maker from which vocation he retired 20 years ago. He was several times married and is survived by his fifth wife, Eunice, who was Mrs. William Beoley of Providence. There were three children, of whom Mrs. Wilford Comstock of Lubec, Maine, is the only survivor. He leaves one brother, Eliza Clark Peckham, who at 91 is Middletown's oldest citizen. Mr. Peckham's sister, Mrs. Eliza Arnold, who died in May in Newport was 93. In May he fell at his home fracturing his hip, and, having always been a man of great activity and health, the confinement soon brought about his death.

The funeral was held from his late home on Monday. The bearers were Messrs. Joseph A. and Eliza Angell Peckham of Middletown, Lewis Eugene Peckham of Jamestown, and Mr. Orin Bates of Orino, Conn. A number attended the funeral from Middletown. Mr. Peckham's unusual age was ascribed to the fact of his never permitting himself to worry. He was always cheerful and hopeful, and very much alive to all that was going on in the world.

Important Arrest Made.

The police have made an important capture of a man who is alleged to have been responsible for some of the thefts in this city within the last few months, and he is now at the Newport County Jail to await the action of the grand jury in October. The capture was made by Officer Gentile, at an early hour Tuesday morning, when he saw a suspicious looking man in the vicinity of Broadway and Cranston avenue. He stopped the man and searched him, finding two new razors. He then took him prisoner to the Police Station where he was questioned further.

At the Station the man gave his name as Joseph Macomber, and said that he had lately been engaged as a cook on a barge, formerly living in Portsmouth. After much talk it was found that the razors had been taken from a window in Kalkman's drug store on lower Thames street, which had been broken by a stone wrapped with cloth. The prisoner is said to have made admissions of other breaks here, including the theft of a cornet from MacDonald's store on Broadway, and a coat from a window on Bellevue avenue. In each case the window was broken in a similar way.

The Cincinnati.

The Society of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island will hold their annual meeting in Newport on July 4th and 5th as usual. The society in a body will attend a special Church service in Trinity at 4 p. m. on Sunday July 4. On Monday the 5th the commemorative celebration of Independence Day will take place in the old State House at 3 p. m. These exercises are always of an interesting nature. They will be more so this year. In the evening the society will dine at the Casino, where addresses of a high merit will be delivered by well known gentlemen.

The Beach Opening.

The Beach will have its formal opening to-day, when all departments will be opened for business. A large excursion is expected from Pawtucket and dinner will be served in the large restaurant throughout the day. There have been several improvements made during the spring, including the erection of two excellent bandstands, one at each end of the Beach, and these will be available for use of visitors when the band is not occupying them. The dance hall will be opened to-day with an excellent orchestra.

Newport Directory for 1915.

The canvass for the Newport directory for 1915 has just closed. If any persons have made changes since the Canvasser called or are in doubt whether or not the correct information was given when he did call, will please send notice of the same to the News Store of William P. Clarke Co. 254 Thames Street at once, the correction will be made before printing.

SAMPSON & MURDOCK CO. PUBLISHERS.

R. H. S. Graduation.

The assembly hall of the Rogers High School was filled Friday morning, the occasion being the graduating exercises of the class of 1915. This class was the banner class, there being 73 graduates. The exercises opened by the singing of "The Wild Rose" by the Glee Club and the Quartette, after which Mr. Thompson made a few remarks and introduced Mr. Otis Everett Randall, Ph. D., of Brown University, who made a very interesting address and whose remarks were listened to very attentively by the scholars and the audience. At the end of his remarks he was loudly applauded. The Quartette then sang "Swedish Folk Song." Mr. Thompson then announced the winners of the following prizes:

The Norman scholarships for grade for four years, Nettie Wilsker and Samuel Pratt; the Norman prize for composition, Ruth Huntington and Mary Chase Austin; Read Medal for excellence in mathematics, Harold Lewis Norton. These prizes were presented to the winners by Mayor Burlingame, who made a few pleasing remarks. As he awarded them the applause was deafening.

The prize offered by the Consumers League to the graduating classes throughout the State was won by Miss Mary Chase Austin.

The Remington people offered three gold medals for speed test in typewriting and the winners were Gladys Dora Pfannenmiller, Frances Levy and Mildred Knight Minkler. "Rest" was then sung by the Glee Club and Quartette.

The Daughters of the American Revolution offered two prizes this year for the best papers on "Educational Advantages in Colonial Rhode Island" and the winners were Samuel Pratt and Ruth Huntington.

Arthur Paul Sullivan then presented to Mr. Thompson, in behalf of Class 1915, a set of books to be added to the library, after which "Song of Oili" was sung by the club and quartette. Mr. Thomas P. Peckham presented the diplomas to the class, speaking a few words to the members of the class. The quartette and club then sang "When the Sun is Shining," and Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., pronounced the benediction. Then the graduates and the clubs sang the class song in a spirited manner.

The list of graduates was as follows:

Elfish Anthony.
Lillian Amelia Aronson.
Mary Chase Austin.
Louise Barker.
William LeRoy Berry.
Samuel Billard.
Irving Edwin Blaine.
Carl Miller Bogholt.
Ralph Ernest Brorloy.
Stanley Clarkson Burke.
John Francis Joseph Byrne.
Jennie Underwood Carr.
Percy Lancelot Clark.
Leta Adelaide Cooper.
George Francis Doniston.
Collins Marie Dring.
Ruth Gurney Dwyer.
Edward Patrick Dunn.
Ena Marvel Eddy.
Alfred Wallace Edward.
Frank Mortimer John Ericson.
Samuel Pratt.
William Roberts Fraser.
George Egerton Gamache.
Frank Mitchell Geraghty.
Julia Monica Gorman.
Elizabeth Elmy Harrington.
Frank Laurence Harrington.
Charles Tew Hildreth.
Mary Esther Holland.
Edward Addison Rice Holloway.
Ruth Huntington.
Alice Octavia Johnson.
Anna Henrietta Julissen.
Frances Layne.
John Joseph Maguire.
Irene Louise Maloney.
Lion Gardiner Mason.
Rose McCool.
Mildred Knight Minkler.
Elizabeth Morgan.
Daniel Kenneth Morrison.
Nellie Graham Mumford.
Mary Gertrude Murphy.
Helen Marie Nason.
Marion Louise O'Brien.
Helen Lucille O'Neill.
William James O'Sullivan.
Alice James Pearson.
Russell Hilton Pearson.
Harold Landers Peckham.
Stockman Cole Peckham.
Marie Estelle Perry.
Lillie Catherine Peterson.
Gladys Dora Pfannenmiller.
Teresa Mary Radice.
Lucius Hazard Rice.
Margherita Veronica Rooney.
Helena Dorothy Schoentaler.
Jennie Popple Sisson.
Margaret Gertrude Smith.
Harry Louis Spangler.
Arthur Paul Sullivan.
Frances Beatrice Sullivan.
Hilda Sullivan.
Anna Maria Sylvia.
William James Russell Taber.
George Richard Tubley.
Thomas Carr Watson, Jr.
Aimee Reitz White.
Nettie Wilsker.

The Alpha Social Club will give a big midsummer recital and entertainment at Masonic Hall, Aug. 12th. The James Reese Europe Superior Colored Musicians of New York will be the drawing card.

Mrs. George D. Wilsner of Philadelphia is occupying her new summer residence on Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs. This will eventually be one of the finest estates in Newport.

Grammar Graduation.

The graduating exercises of the Grammar Schools were held in the Rogers High School on Thursday afternoon with a large attendance. Superintendent Herbert Warren Lull presided at the exercises, and delivered the greeting to the parents, after the school had rendered the chorus "A Voice from the West." The school sang the chorus, "School Flowers," after which Hon. Robert Sherman Burlingame, Mayor, awarded the Brown, King, Pell and Read Medals for scholarship to the following pupils:

Coddington: Read—David Francis Egan; King—Helen Marion Wheatland.
Cranston: Brown—Raymond Henry Edwards; Brown—Mary Snow Norton.
Mumford: Pell—Charles William Hughes; King—Helen Agnes Mauran.

The school sang the chorus, "Storm Wind," followed by the address to the graduates by Elmer Carlisle Ripley, assistant superintendent of the Boston public schools. The address was followed by the chorus, "Lovely Rose." Chairman Thomas P. Peckham of the public school committee awarded the diplomas to the graduates, and the exercises closed with the chorus, "Our Public School."

The members of the graduating class were as follows:

COODINGTON

Emma Marie Andrews.
Kelle Atwater.
Walburg Matilda Bernadina Berghman.
Audrey Bernice Berry.
Gertrude Bernice Bonner.
Gertrude Marie Booth.
Frank Boyan.
Victoria Terevsky Boyan.
Alice Bernice Boyan.
Alice Bernice Boyan.
Robert James Mullaney Connolly.
Mary Grace Agnes Conway.
Ruth Marie Cook.
Louise Howard Cowie.
Josephine Helora Davis.
Anna Josephine Deary.
Mary Deary.
William Raymond Deeniston.
Margery Donovan.
Marjorie Violet Dorcy.
Elizabeth Joseph Doyle.
Frances Dring.
Benjamin Joseph Edwards.
David Francis Egan.
Margaret Egan.
Peter Kerlie Fecher.
Frederick Joseph Franco.
Lester Arthur Fulton.
John William Fulton.
Helen Nelson Gifford, Jr.
John Davenport Gifford.
Robert Gifford.
Edward Irving Gordon.
William Grace Hale.
Joseph Walter Hall.
Donald Grant Hay.
Alice May Hoyle.
Dorothy Marie King.
Berthe Marie Koch.
Harold Christian Larsen.
Cornelius Lyons.
Ruth Lyons.
Marguerite McDouan.
Helen Mae Meler.
George Frederic Meler.
Ruth Marie Meler.
Margaret Cecilia Murphy.
John Henry Ney.
Ruth Marie Nelson.
David Patrick O'Neill.
Gertrude Katherine Pauline Donovan.
Reginald Vincent Pelron.
Arthur William Potter, Jr.
James Whitney Rahley.
Robert Andrew Randall, Jr.
William Stephen Richards.
William Allen Richardson, Jr.
Bernice Eleanor Reavey.
Philly Rhiniston.
Arthur Leo Vincent Shea.
Mary Agnes Cecilia Sheehan.
William Francis Sheehan.
Ruth Marie Sheehan.
Elizabeth Irene Smith.
Herman Chase Snodgrass.
Ruth Helen Snodgrass.
David Thomas Stewart.
John Thomas Joseph Sullivan.
Katherine Cecelia Sullivan.
Marguerite Louise Frances Sweeney.
William Rogers Sweet.
Carl Anton Tellefsen.
Harold Nicholas Tellefsen.
Frances Joseph Toney.
Max Jones Townsend.
Camille August Wlad.
Ruth Marie Theodore Washington.
Pauline Louise Weaver.
Helen Marion Wheatland.
Charles Vincent Wiggenshauser.
Mary Bowle Yale.

CRANSTON

Harold Sherman Bailey.
Elmer Marion Bile.
Charles James Drake.
Helen Holland Brooks.
Marion Helen Brown.
Helen Carolyn Chapman.
Ralph Harding Clarkson.
Joseph Cyril Augustine Doniston.
Kathryn Lorella Agnes Doniston.
Edith Marie Dring.
Dorothy Woodward Egan.
Paul Bradley Egan.
Raymond Henry Edwards.
Elizabeth Catherine Egan.
Frank Leroy Egan.
Gladys Marie Greene.
Reginald Stanley Hale.
Harry Allen Howard.
Helen Louise Healey.
Anna Marie Kelley.
Mail Alice Knevels.
Emily Marie Martin.
Eva Lovely Martin.
Clara Craig Kathryn Murphy.
Mary Snow Norton.
Edward Charles Betty O'Sullivan.
Elizabeth Burdick Oxx.
Madeline May Oxx.
Edith Helen Oxx.
Edith Barbara Poppie.
Gilbert Arthur Poppie.
Charlotte Ida Kegen.
Robert Louise Rhea.
Eva Marie Stanley.
George Lyon Sutherland.
Mary Louise Sypher.
Anna Lucia Wheeler.
Frank Mortimer Wheeler, Jr.
Agnes Lorella White.

MUMFORD

Yvra Alma Ackers.
Joseph Edward Adelson.
Catherine Helen Aldrich.
Happie Marion Austin.
Emily Allen Breen.
Howard Lawton Behrman.
Gallatin Joseph Bendevaga.
John Howard Benson.
Thomas Austin Beyer.
Reginald Martin Bryer.
Clifford Albro Champlin.
Sarah Albro Champlin.
Alice Violet Chase.
Marjorie Agnes Cleary.
Alice Emily Conway.
Sarah Conington Davis.
Amy Angela Denery.
Alfred Denery.
Abraham Joseph Denish.
Henry J. Denish.
John Joseph Denish.
Gertrude Denish.
Henry John Ester.
Bernard Friedman.
Edith Mary Gifford.
Sarah Rachel Gifford.
Clara Evelyn Marie Hayne.
Charles William Hughes.
Arnold Clyde James.
Vernon Henry Karsapian.
Harry Charles Corey Keene.

Israel Hyman Jack.
Kara Ann Ladyman.
Lillian Augusta Lewis.
Nathalie May Livingston.
Annie Louise Luth.
Dorothy Shirley Lyons.
Catherine Eleanor Martin.
Julia Arleigh Matheus.
Helen Agnes Mauran.
Alice Marie Melen.
Ralph Milton Morse.
Marion Frances Teresa Nason.
Charles Stewart North.
John August 24th Olsen.
Peter Paul Pagan.
Annie Maud Patrick.
Dorothy Augusta Peckham.
Robert Augustus Peckham.
Victor Laurence Pellerella.
Richard Theodore Elper.
Harry Campbell Probert.
Rita Elizabeth Ruy.
Myrtle Belmont Records.
Augusta Rude.
William Taylor Schwarz.
Frede Dorothy Sewall.
Catherine Helen Smith.
Alice Henry Stenholm.
Francis O'Brien Stoddard.
William Wesley George Sullivan.
Lillian Grace Vail.
Raymond William Taylor.
Joseph Thompson.
Kleopatra Vogelzang.
David Vreeland.
Harry Stuart Washington.

Superior Court.

The past week has been a busy one in the Superior Court, two important trials on the criminal side of the docket having been held. The first was a trial for robbery and the second the very serious one of murder.

The case of State vs. Walter Aldrich indicted for robbery was resumed Monday morning. This seemed to be a case in which most of those concerned, including the man who claimed to be the victim of a robbery, were under the influence of liquor, and it occupied more of the time of the court than it really deserved. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and the defendant was discharged.

Tuesday morning the trial of Daniel Watson of Jamestown on an indictment charging the murder of his wife, was begun. A large part of the morning session was occupied by the selection of a jury, and after the twelve men had finally been accepted and sworn, a trip to Jamestown was made to view the premises where Mrs. Watson was shot. In the afternoon, Assistant Attorney General Phillips outlined the case for the State. He said that Watson and his wife had had many differences, and that Mrs. Watson had started proceedings for a divorce. On March 4 last, while several soldiers were in the house, there was an altercation, and the State claimed that Watson shot his wife in the back, Mrs. Watson dying at the Newport Hospital several weeks later.

Among the witnesses called to the stand by the State were Drs. Michael H. Sullivan, Charles W. Stewart, William H. Shorman, and Arthur Mendonhall, physicians who had attended Mrs. Watson or performed the autopsy after death; Miss Leonora V. Watson, and Mrs. Isabelle Swenson, daughters of the defendant, and Daniel J. Watson, Jr., a son; Private Grayson of Fort Greble, Private Grayson of Fort Getty, William A. Hoarn of Jamestown, and others.

The defense in the Watson murder case was begun Tuesday noon, after all testimony for the prosecution had been presented. Judge Sullivan, counsel for defendant, outlined the defense in his opening address to the jury. He claimed that Watson had been beaten by Smith on various occasions and that he was afraid of him; that on the night of the shooting Watson received a blow in the face while passing through a dark room, and that he pulled his revolver and shot without aiming; that he did not know that he had shot his wife until he was told by others in the house. The defense further claimed that Mrs. Watson's death was not due to her wound, from the effects of which she had recovered, but was due to other causes of long standing.

Watson was the first witness for the defense, and told of his actions on the night of the shooting, being cross-examined at considerable length by Mr. Phillips. A number of other witnesses testified, and some medical testimony was produced to show the cause of the death of Mrs. Watson.

The evidence for the defense was completed Friday morning, and the lawyers delivered their pleas, followed by the charge to the jury by the court. At about 1:45 the jury retired to consider the case.

Within a short time the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

Election of Officers.

The following are the officers of the Second Baptist Church just elected: Moderator—Denton William P. Carr, Clerk—George W. Bacheller, Jr., Treasurer—Martin E. Bennett, Assistant Treasurer—Albert F. Haas, Collector of Pew Rents—Frank G. Kimball.

Committee on repair—Hudson H. Kingman, Albert F. Haas, George S. Oxx, Benjamin B. Coggeshall, Frank G. Kimball.

Committee on Psalmody—John C. Sealbury, William B. Franklin, John R. Caswell, Benjamin B. Coggeshall and William A. Sherman.

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XI.

Musio.

BOYHOOD is the longest time in life—for a boy. The last term of the school year is made of decades, not of weeks, and living through them is like waiting for the millennium. But they do pass somehow, and at last there came a day when Penrod was one of a group that capered out from the gravelled yard of ward school No. 7, carolling a leavetaking of the institution, of their instructor and not even forgetting Mr. Capps, the janitor.

"Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye, school! Good-bye, Capps, dern old fool!" Penrod sang the loudest. For every boy there is an age when he "finds his voice." Penrod's had not "changed," but he had found it. Inevitably that thing had come upon his family and the neighbors, and his father, a somewhat dyspeptic man, quoted frequently the expressive words of the "Lady of Shalott," but there were others whose sufferings were as poignant.

Vacation time warmed the young of the world to pleasant languor, and a morning came that was like a brightly colored picture in a child's fairy story. Miss Margaret Schofield, reclining in a hammock upon the front porch, was beautiful in the eyes of a newly made senior, well favored and in fair raiment, beside her. A guitar rested lightly upon his knee, and he was trying to play, a snail of some difficulty, as the door of the porch also seemed inclined to be musical. From directly under his feet came a voice of song, shrill, loud, incredibly piercing and incredibly flat, dwelling upon each syllable with incomprehensible reluctance to leave it: "I have lands and earthly power. I'll give all for a my-my dear old mother. Whirl sitting at my-y-y dear old mother's knee. So-so rem-mem-bur whilst you're young."

Miss Schofield stamped heartily upon the musical floor.

"It's Penrod," she explained. "The lattice at the end of the porch is loose, and he crawls under and comes out all pugs. He's been having a dreadful singing fit lately—raving away to pictures shows and vaudeville, I suppose." Mr. Robert Williams looked upon her yearningly. He touched a thrilling chord on his guitar and leaned nearer. "But you said you have missed me," he began. "I—"

The voice of Penrod drowned all other sounds.

"So-o-o rem-mem-bur, whil-I-lat you're young. That the da-a-y to you will come When you're o-o-old and only in the way. Do not s-s-sort at them be-cause—"

"Penrod!" Miss Schofield stamped again.

"You did say you'd missed me," said Mr. Robert Williams, seizing hurriedly upon the silence. "Didn't you say—"

A brother tune rose upward.

"Oh, you talk about your fascinating beauties."

Of your damo-zells, your belles, But the little dame I met, while in the city.

She's par excellence the queen of all the swells.

She's sweeter far—"

Margaret rose and jumped up and down repeatedly in a well calculated area, whereupon the voice of Penrod tried chokedly, "Quit that!" and there were subterranean couplings and unclippings.

"You want to choke a person to death!" he inquired severely, appearing at the end of the porch, a cobweb upon his brow. And, continuing, he put into practice a newly acquired phrase, "You better learn to be more considerate of other people's comfort."

Slowly and grievously he withdrew, passed to the sunny side of the house, reclined in the warm grass beside his faithful Duke and presently sang again.

"She's sweeter far than the flower I named her after."

And the memory of her smile it haunts me yet."

When in after years the moon is softly beaming"

And at eve I smell the smell of mignonette

I will re-CALL that!"

"Penrod!"

Mr. Schofield appeared at an open window upstairs, a book in his hand.

"Stop it!" he commanded. "Can't I stay home with a headache one morning to listen to—I never did hear such squawking!" He retired from the window, having too impulsively called upon his maker. Penrod, shocked and injured, entered the house, but presently his voice was again audible as far as the front porch. He was holding converse with his mother, somewhere in the interior.

"Well, what of it? Sam Williams told me his mother said if Bob ever did think of getting married to Margaret, his mother said she'd like to know what in the name of goodness they expect to—"

"Bang!" Margaret thought it better to close the front door.

The next minute Penrod opened it. "I suppose you want the whole family to get a sunstroke," he said reprovingly. "Respect every breath of air out of the house or a day like this!"

And he sat down limply in the doorway.

The serious poetry of all languages has omitted the little brother, and yet he is one of the great traits of the immortal burden of courtesy.

Tragedy should have found place for him, but he has been left to the hazardous vignettes of Grib street. He

is the grave and real menace of lovers. His head is sacred and terrible, his power formidable. There is one way—only one—to deal with him, but Robert Williams, having a brother of Penrod's age, understood that way.

Robert had \$1 in the world. He gave it to Penrod immediately.

Enslaved forever, the new Rockefeller rose and went forth upon the highway, an overflowing heart burning the floodgates of song:

"In her eyes the light of love was softly gleaming."

So sweetly, so sweetly,

On the banks the moon's soft light was brightly streaming.

Words of love I then spoke to her, She was purer of the pew-er:

"Little sweetheart, do not sigh, Do not weep and do not cry, I will build a little cottage just for you—ew-ew and I—"

In fairness it must be called to mind that boys older than Penrod have these wellings of poet melody. A wife can never tell when she is to undergo a musical morning, and even the golden wedding brings her no security; a man of ninety is liable to bust loose to sing any time.

Invalids murmured pitifully as Penrod came within hearing, and people trying to think cursed the day that they were born when he went strutting by. His hands in his pockets, his shining face uplifted to the sky of June, he passed down the street, singing his way into the heart's deepest hatred of all who heard him.

"One evening, I was strolling Midst the city of the Dead, I viewed where all around me Their peace-fall graves were spread. But that which touched me most—"

He had reached his journey's end, a junk dealer's shop, wherein lay the long desired treasure of his soul—an accordion which might have possessed a high quality of interest for an antiquarian, being unquestionably a ruin, beautiful in decay and quite beyond the sacrilegious reach of the restorer.

But it was still able to disgorge sounds, which could be heard for a remarkable distance in all directions, and it had one rich catlike tone that had gone to Penrod's heart. He obtained the instrument for 22 cents, a price long since agreed upon with the junk dealer, who falsely claimed a loss of profit. Shylock that he was! He had found the wreck in an alley.

With this purchase suspended from his shoulder by a faded green cord, Penrod set out in a somewhat homeward direction, but not by the route he had just traveled, though his motive for the change was not humanitarian. It was his desire to display himself thus troublous to the gaze of Marjorie Jones. Heralding his advance by continuous experiments in the music of the future, he pranced upon his blithesome way, the faithful Duke at his heels. (It was easier for Duke than it would have been for a younger dog, because with advancing age he had begun to grow a little deaf.)

Turning the corner nearest to the gloomed mansion of the Joneses, the boy jangled came suddenly face to face with Marjorie and, in the delicious surprise of the encounter, ceased to play, his hands, in agitation, falling from the instrument.

Bareheaded, the sunshine glorious upon her amber curls, Marjorie was strolling hand in hand with her baby brother, Mitchell, four years old. She wore pink that day—unforgettable pink, with a broad, black patent leather belt, shimmering reflections dancing upon its surface. How beautiful she was! How sacred the sweet little baby brother, whose privilege it was to cling to that small hand delicately powdered with freckles.

"Hello, Marjorie!" said Penrod, affecting carelessness.

"Hello!" said Marjorie, with unexpected cordiality. She bent over her baby brother with motherly affection.

"Say 'howdy' to the gentlemen, Mitchy-Mitch," she urged sweetly, turning him to face Penrod.

"Won't!" said Mitchy-Mitch, and to emphasize his refusal kicked the gentlemen upon the shin.

Penrod's feelings underwent instant change, and in the sole occupation of disliking Mitchy-Mitch he wasted precious seconds which might have been better employed in philosophic consideration of the startling example just afforded of how a given law operates throughout the universe in precisely the same manner perpetually. Robert Williams would have understood this easily.

"Oh, oh!" Marjorie cried and put Mitchy-Mitch behind her with too much sweetness. "Maurice Levy's gone to Atlantic City with his mamma," she remarked conversationally as if the kicking incident were quite closed.

"That's nothin'," returned Penrod, keeping his eye uneasily upon Mitchy-Mitch. "I know plenty people been better places than that—Chicago and everywhere."

There was unconscious ingratitude in his low railing of Atlantic City, for it was largely to the attractions of that resort he owed Miss Jones' present attitude of friendliness. Of course, too, she was curious about the accordion. It would be dastardly to hint that she had noticed a paper bag which bulged the pocket of Penrod's coat, and yet this bag was undeniably conspicuous—"and children are very like grown people sometimes."

Penrod brought forth the bag, purchased on the way at a drug store and till this moment unopened, which expresses in a word the depth of his sentiment for Marjorie. It contained an abundant 15 cents' worth of lemon drops, jawbreakers, licorice sticks, cinnamon drops and showy chocolate creams.

"Take all you want," he said, with charming generosity.

"Why, Penrod Schofield," exclaimed the wholly thawed damsel. "You nice to!"

"Oh, that's nothin'," he returned smiling. "I got a good deal of money nowadays."

"Where from?"

"Oh, just around!" With a cautious posture he offered a jaw breaker to Mitchy-Mitch, who snatched it indignantly and set about its absorption without delay.

"Can you play on that?" asked Mar-

jorie, with some diffidence, her cheeks being rather heavily for sympathy.

"Want to hear me?"

She nodded, her eyes sweet with anticipation.

This was what he had come for. He threw back his head, lifted his eyes dreamily, as he had seen real musicians lift theirs, and disordered the accordion preparing to produce the

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"Where did I get what, papa?" asked Penrod meekly, depositing the accordion in the hall just outside the dining room door.

"That du—that third hand concertina."

"It's a 'cordion,'" said Penrod, taking his place at the table and noticing that both Margaret and Robert Williams (who happened to be a guest) were growing red.

"I don't care what you call it," said Mr. Schofield fretfully. "I want to know where you got it."

Penrod's eyes met Margaret's. Hers had a strained expression. She very slightly shook her head. Penrod sent Mr. Williams a grateful look and might have been started if he could have seen himself in a mirror at that moment, for he regarded Mitchy-Mitch with concealed but vigorous aversion, and the resemblance would have horrified him.

"A man gave it to me," he answered gently and was rewarded by the visibly regained ease of his patron's manner, while Margaret leaned back in her chair and looked at her brother with real devotion.

"I should think he'd have been glad to," said Mr. Schofield. "Who was he?"

"Sir!" In spite of the candy which he had consumed in company with Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch Penrod had begun to eat lobster croquettes earnestly.

"Who was he?"

"Who do you mean, papa?"

"The man that gave you that ghostly thing!"

"Yes, sir; a man gave it to me."

"I say, Who was he?" shouted Mr. Schofield.

"Well, I was just walking alone, and the man came up to me. It was right down in front of Colgate's, where most of the paint's rubbed off the fence!"

"Penrod!" The father used his most dangerous tone.

"Sir?"

"Who was the man that gave you the concertina?"

"I don't know. I was walking along and—"

"You never saw him before?"

"No, sir. I was just walkin'—"

"That will do," said Mr. Schofield, rising. "I suppose every family has its secret enemies and this was one of ours. I must ask to be excused."

With that he went out crossly, stopping in the hall a moment before passing beyond hearing. And after lunch Penrod sought in vain for his accordion. He even searched the library, where his father sat reading, though, upon inquiry, Penrod explained that he was looking for a misplaced school book. He thought he ought to study a little every day, he said, even during vacation time. Much pleased, Mr. Schofield rose and joined the search, finding the missing work on mathematics with singular ease—which cost him precisely the price of the book the following September.

Penrod departed to study in the back yard. There, after a cautious survey of the neighborhood, he managed to dislodge the iron cover of the cistern and dropped the arithmetic within. A fine splash rewarded his listening ear. Thus assured that when he looked for that book again no one would find it for him, he replaced the cover and betook himself pensively to the highway, discomfited Duke from following by repeated volleys of stones, some imaginary and others all too real.

Arrived upon the populous and festive scene of the dog and pony show, he first turned his attention to the brightly decorated booths which surrounded the tent. The cries of the peanut vendors, of the popcorn men, of the toy balloon sellers, the stirring music of the band, playing before the performance to attract a crowd; the shouting of excited children; and the barking of the dogs within the tent, all sounded exultingly in Penrod's ears and set his blood a-tingle. Nevertheless he did not squander his money or time to the winds in one grand splurge. Instead, he began cautiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which he obtained from an aged negress for his odd cent, too obvious a bargain to be missed. At an adjacent stand he bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (so alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either.

Next he entered a small restaurant tent and for a modest nickel was supplied with a fork and a box of sardines, previously opened, it is true, but more than half full. He consumed the sardines utterly, but left the tin box and the fork, after which he indulged in an inexpensive half pint of lukewarm cider at one of the open booths. Mug in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he paused for breath, and the cool, sweet cadences of the watermelon man fell delectably upon his ear:

"Ice cole watermelon; ice cole watermelon! The biggest slice of ice cole, ripe, red, ice cole, rich an' rare; the biggest slice of ice cole watermelon ever cut by the hand of man! Buy our ice cole watermelon!"

Penrod, having drained the last drop of cider, complied with the watermelon man's luscious entreaty and received a round slice of the fruit, magnificent in circumference and something over an inch in thickness. Leaving only the really dangerous part of the rind behind him, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and supplied himself with a bag of peanuts, which, with the expenditure of a dime for admission, left a quarter still warm in his pocket. However, he managed to "break" the coin at a stand inside the tent, where a large, oblong paper box of popcorn was handed him with 25 cents change. The box was too large to go into his pocket, but having seated himself among some wistful Polack children he placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The popcorn was heavily larded with partially boiled molasses, and Penrod sandwiched mouthfuls of peanuts with

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TO SHUFF VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made By An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims that there are many who agree with him to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body act in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in **Now 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottles, enough for trial, freely sent. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Health Eye Salve for all diseases or inflammations of the Eye. 50c.

FALL RIVER LINE.

NEW YORK

STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Leave Long wharf, Newport, week days at 9.25 P. M., Sundays 10 P. M., due New York 7.00 A. M. Meal service a la carte. Orchestra on each steamer.

Notice—On Sundays from June 27th to September 6th inclusive, steamer Providence will touch at Newport, leaving there at 9.15 p. m.

Wickford Line

STEAMER GENERAL

(Week Days Only.)

STEAMER GENERAL			
(Week Days Only.)			
Lv. Newport. (1.00 p.m.)	Arr. New York. (9.0. A. M.)	Lv. New York. (9.0. O. T.)	Arr. Newport. (1.00 p.m.)
1.00 p.m.	4.11 p.m.	4.11 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	4.41 p.m.	4.41 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	5.11 p.m.	5.11 p.m.	2.00 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	5.41 p.m.	5.41 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	6.11 p.m.	6.11 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
3.30 p.m.	6.41 p.m.	6.41 p.m.	3.30 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	7.11 p.m.	7.11 p.m.	4.00 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	7.41 p.m.	7.41 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	8.11 p.m.	8.11 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
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12.30 p.m.	3.41 p.m.	3.41 p.m.	12.30 p.m.
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1.30 p.m.	4.41 p.m.	4.41 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	5.11 p.m.	5.11 p.m.	2.0

The Mercury.

Established in 1833
Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Telephone 141
House Telephone 1410

Saturday, June 26, 1916.

A large number of Italians have left Providence this week to go home to fight for their country.

It is authoritatively stated that fourteen German submarines have been destroyed within the past six months.

Summer came in last Tuesday, but the weather needed a label to know that it belonged to that period of the year.

The old fashioned Fourth of July with fire crackers, bell ringing and noise generally is rapidly going out of date.

It is stated that on June first there were one million three hundred fifty thousand German and Austrian prisoners in Russia.

The British house of commons has voted a war loan of five billions of dollars. It is evident that John Bull is not looking for peace right away.

Fireworks for the Fourth of July will cost more this year owing to the fact that the continued European fireworks is using up all the powder—another argument for a safe and sane Fourth.

Washington state department officials do not expect a reply from Germany to the President's recent note on Germany's submarine warfare until July 10. The Kaiser is evidently in no hurry. Just now he is leading his armies against Russia.

The war in Europe is costing Great Britain fifteen millions of dollars a day. Multiply that by five to cover France, Italy, Russia, Germany and Austria and some idea of the cost of this gigantic struggle may be obtained. Whatever may be the outcome these nations will be saddled with a debt that never will be paid.

The inventor of the submarine, Simon Lake, says, when great nations fully prepare themselves for defense and offense with submarines there and then naval warfare will cease for all time. He says an ideal defense for the United States would be 100 submarines for the Atlantic coast and 50 for the west, which would mean an expenditure of \$75,000,000.

William J. Bryan has been read out of the democratic party by Richard L. Metcalfe, former governor of the canal zone, and for many years associated with Mr. Bryan in the editorship of The Commoner. It is one thing to read him out and quite another thing to keep him out. Bryan will be at the head of the procession when the next national Democratic Convention comes in sight.

Here are some figures that are suggestive and show the enormous profits in automobile making. Henry Ford who started the Ford Company without a dollar, has drawn out in cash dividends \$27,250,000 and in stock dividends \$29,000,000. One of the eight original stockholders R. V. Conzons who put in one hundred dollars has drawn \$47,000 in cash and \$50,000 in stock for his investment of \$100.

It is estimated that the financial credits established by the allies and their agents in this country amount to \$1,500,000,000. Contracts involving practically half this total can be traced, and the expectation is that contracts now pending will call for fully as much more before the close of the year. Great Britain and Russia expect to expend in the United States this year about \$500,000,000 each.

The tax valuation in Newport is more than \$2,500,000 greater than it was last year, but even now it is only \$61,911,500. Many of us had thought that there were a lot of rich people down in Newport—Boston Globe.

As it is, the valuation of Newport is more than five times that of Boston per capita. Which will do very well considering that Boston and New York continue to get a large share of the taxes of our rich men.

Lord Northcliffe, British newspaper proprietor says that America must not enter this war, but should continue to supply the allies. He says: "To plunge 100,000,000 of American citizens into this Armageddon without most mature consideration would not be in accordance with the precedents of English speaking communities." He says that conscription is inevitable as the volunteer system is so unfair, shirkers staying behind. It is computed that there are between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 men of military age to be drawn upon.

The Supreme Court of the United States by a unanimous decision has upset the action of the Southern States in deciding that the negro had no rights that the white man is bound to respect. In other words it has decided that the acts of these States that discriminated against the colored man's right to vote was unconstitutional and therefore null and void. The so-called grandfather clause in many of the Southern States Constitutions now goes for naught, and these Southern States must have to try some other method to keep him from voting. The negro vote is many of the Southern States has been almost entirely wiped out by these laws.

It is well that the negro vote should be in the hands of a man who is not a negro. The negro vote is many of the Southern States has been almost entirely wiped out by these laws.

The Same Old Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's present role is not new. Most of his life has been spent as a critic. He has betrayed enthusiasm over few things done in public life, that he did not originate. He was one of the members of the House who carried Prof. Wilson around the chamber on their shoulders when the Wilson bill passed, which they construed as the dawn of the millennium, but which was the forerunner of the dull times that elected President McKinley. This was about the last display of enthusiasm he gave until he began brogging on the Oklahoma constitution as so far superior to any other ever written. As a part of the present administration he praised it and all its works, while the country generally blamed him for most of its faults. But he is out as a free lance again, brandishing "a spear that knows no brother." Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft were targets of his enthusiasm. They never did anything that he could approve. Even when Mr. Roosevelt adopted some of his notions, he raised a rumpus about the theft of his clothes. He has not confined his criticisms to domestic affairs. Particularly he has not "stopped at the shore" with him. Although he urged Democratic senators to ratify the treaty giving us possession of the Philippines, in a little while he was morally lined up with Aguinaldo and the insurgents against our troops. Perhaps he did not realize the aid and comfort he was giving the rebellion against American authority. Denn Worcester has shown how real this aid was, however. The leaders of the insurrection exhorted their men to perseverance, using Bryan's name freely. Among other reports they circulated was that Mr. Bryan at a great banquet had drunk a toast to Aguinaldo as "one of the heroes of the world." Rebels were encouraged with the report that if they were not granted independence by April, 1900, "Senior Bryan and his followers would rise in arms against the oppressors." Of course, all this is absurd to us, but it sounded reasonable to the Filipinos. It agreed with their traditional political methods.

The Boers got great encouragement from the sounding language of the Democratic platform of 1900 in criticism of President McKinley and the alleged "ill-considered Republican alliance with England, which must mean discrimination against other friendly nations, and which has already stifled the nation's voice while liberty is being strangled in Africa." The Boers did not know Mr. Bryan as well as Americans did. Let us hope that Europe will not take his present conduct too seriously. He does not reflect the opinions of the American people, never has and probably never will.

A Brave Act.

The country as a whole commend the act of Georgia's governor in commuting the sentence of Leo M. Frank, which has attracted the attention of the entire country for many months past. Believing as he did that Frank had not been proved to be guilty, it was Governor Slaton's duty to prevent the execution of the sentence, but it was duty that called for courage of a high order. The prevailing public sentiment in Atlanta and in the State of Georgia is hostile to Frank, there is an obstinate, unreasoning belief in his guilt. But while argument and evidence would be wasted upon the mob that has raged for the infliction of the death penalty, intelligent public opinion in Georgia sustains the action of Governor Slaton.

Goethals to Stay.

Secretary Garrison announces that Gen. Goethals, governor of the Panama Canal, will not retire from active service in the army and from governorship of the zone until fall. Gen. Goethals is about to return to Panama to prepare estimates for maintenance of the canal and its military defenses for next fiscal year.

An Exchange says: Rapidly and certainly the Bryan campaign for peace is assuming the old familiar lines of a preliminary Presidential campaign. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. It began as a campaign to uphold the President in his efforts for peace by creating, solidifying, and making articulate a movement so formidable that it would compel him to reverse his policy. It is becoming a campaign to lay down the lines of the next Presidential campaign. Bryan can be depended upon to make much of anything that will add him to climbing the Presidential ladder.

President Sullivan of the Bay State Street Railway Co., of which the Newport line is a part, says, speaking of the award of extra pay granted the employees. "The award means that the investors of the Bay State Co. shall receive a reasonable return on the investment, the price of transportation must be increased. The Bay State Co. has postponed as long as possible an increase in rates; it will now get ready to increase such rates."

It is said that the Westinghouse Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh has received an order from the Allies for quantities of war munitions in value to one hundred millions of dollars.

The President has appointed Robert Lansing Secretary of State in the place of Bryan, resigned. This appointment is favorably received by the people generally.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith has returned to the South after spending several weeks in this city.

New Gipsy Moth Quarantine.

Christmas Trees and Christmas Greens May Now be Shipped After Inspection.

New regulations for the quarantine on account of the gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth in New England become effective July 1, and copies of the new quarantine, known as No. 22, may now be obtained from the Department of Agriculture. The new regulations extend somewhat the territory quarantined for gipsy moth, but do not affect that quarantined for the brown-tail moth. On the other hand, in the territory quarantined for gipsy moth Christmas trees and Christmas greens may now be shipped out after they have been inspected by Department agents and found free from the eggs of this insect. Hitherto, movement of these products in interstate commerce was not allowed under any circumstances from the infested area. Other provisions of the quarantine remain in general much the same.

Stone and quarry products must be inspected for egg clusters as well as such forest products as logs, poles, etc.

It is said that there are over four millions of men in the field in the German and Austrian armies, and probably there is at least an equal number in the armies of the Allies.

MIDDLETOWN.

From our regular Correspondent.
COUNT OF PROBATE.—At the session of the Court of Probate held on Monday, June 21, the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The seventh account of Harriet B. Chase, Guardian, was examined, verified and ordered recorded.

Estate of Annie E. Sherman. On the petition of Harry Sherman and Others, Charles A. Sherman was appointed Administrator and required to give bond in the sum of \$2500.00 with Henry C. Sherman, Junior, as surety. For appraisers George H. Irish, John F. Carr and David A. Brown were appointed.

Estate of Elvira L. Barker. On the petition of Theodorus A. Ball, Allen P. Barker was appointed Administrator, and gave bond in the sum of \$5,000.00, with Millard F. Smith and Ashton C. Barker as sureties. On this estate Arthur W. Chase, Lyman H. Barker and Walter S. Barker were appointed appraisers.

Estate of Thomas H. Stoddard. An inventory was presented by Roy H. Beattie, Administrator, was allowed and ordered recorded. The petition of Administrator for authority to sell the interest of his intestate, in the Stoddard homestead on the corner of Forest avenue and the West Main Road was referred to the third Monday of July with an order of notice.

Estate of Charles H. Ward. The first and final account of administrators, Thomas B. Congdon and Clifton B. Ward was allowed and ordered recorded.

In Town Council, on the petition of William H. Draper and more than eighty others, chiefly persons interested in land on the Middletown side, near to Easton's Beach, a resolution was passed, requesting the Bay Street Railway Company, to extend the terminus of its line at the Newport Beach, from the point where it now ends at the west pavilion, to the boundary line between Middletown and Newport, at the Beach and that the change be made so that the railroad may be ready for use in the summer season of 1916.

Owing to the congestion of traffic at the One Mile corner, on Sundays and holidays, during the summer season, it was deemed advisable to have a patrol on those days, to insure safety in public travel, and the Town Sergeant was directed to detail an officer to attend this locality and regulate the passage of teams.

The new jury list having been revised and the contents of the jury box having been canvassed and made to conform to the new list as revised, the complement of jurors for the judicial year running from the second Monday in July, was drawn as follows.

Grand—Prescott Molden and Alton F. Coggeshall, Petit—William T. Peckham, William J. Barker, Joseph M. Underwood, Alden P. Barker and Ashton C. Barker.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

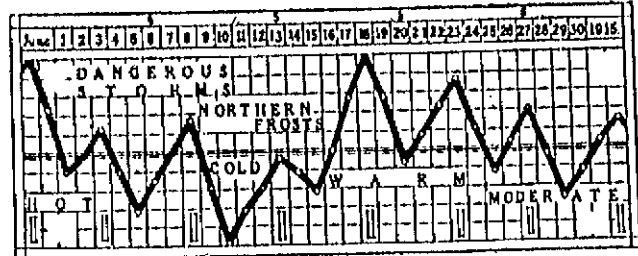
For highway work.
William H. Sisson, Road District No. 1 \$89.50; Walter S. Barker, Road District No. 2 \$22.75; overseeing the application of oil \$3.00; Julian F. Peckham, Road District No. 3 \$37.25; A. E. H. G. Company plank and posts \$4.10; Peckham Brothers Company for crushed stone \$71.65. Total on highways \$244.25.

Pascal M. Conley repairing Road Scraper \$5.50; Arthur A. Brigham services as Janitor \$7.50; Charles Peckham for making deeds of burial lots, taking acknowledgments thereof, for bonded stones, carting and setting \$24.70; Thomas G. Ward, taking account of skulls killed by persons claiming bounty therefor \$7.00; Thomas G. Ward, for making a list of owners and keepers of dogs in Middletown, 25 in number \$47.00; Thomas G. Ward, for bounty due to persons for killing 24 skulls \$12.00; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in office of Town Clerk for five weeks \$50.00; Frank F. Nolan, professional services in case, State vs. Daniel J. Dillon in District Court \$25.00; in case Joseph E. Kline, Overseer of the Poor vs. Domingo Daisa \$25.00; T. T. Piuma Corporation, advertising notice of meeting of Board of Assessors \$27.50; American Surety Company of New York premium for guaranteeing bond of Town Treasurer \$115.00; Bay State Street Railway Company electric light at Town Hall \$2.00; Providence Telephone Company use of three telephones \$6.62; Accounts for the relief of the Poor \$87.00. Total for all purposes \$686.07.

The improvements and alterations at the Fire Department headquarters have so far progressed that many of the men at work there have been taken off to begin work on the Young street station. Considerable changes will be made here, but they will not be as extensive as those at Headquarters. Department officials believe that they will be able to handle the new apparatus as fast as it arrives.

Next Wednesday will be the last day for registration. Although both parties are making some effort to get the voters registered for the city election little interest is shown, as there will be no State or National election this year.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Indications are that June Temperatures will average about normal but will go to great extremes. From 1 to 16 unusually cool; 16 to 25 unusually warm. Excessive precipitation in all southern sections, including Pacific coast, except parts of South Atlantic states. Deficiency of rain north of latitude 40, particularly in middle northwest. Less rain in west gulf states, including all of lower Mississippi valley, following June 20.

Exceedingly dangerous storms between north latitudes 30 and 40, June 1 to 12. Most emphatic warnings of great danger on and near this continent. Urgent warnings are given of tornadoes in the Mississippi valleys and dangerous tropical storms on South Atlantic coast, Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean sea. An unusual cold wave and frosts in middle northwest is expected June 8 to 13.

Treble line represents seasonal normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Copyright 1915, by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C. June 24, 1916.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 23 to 29, warm wave 21 to 23, cool wave 27 to July 1. High temperatures will be the rule for the week of this disturbance but the trend of temperature averages will be a little downward, the cool wave of June 23 going well below the normal. Rainfall will be more evenly distributed than for first three months of crop season, but heaviest rains still south of latitude 40.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 23, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys July 1 to 3, eastern sections 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 29, great central valleys July 1, eastern sections July 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6.

Force of this disturbance will be about an average of the past three months, not expected to be dangerous, particularly west of meridian 85. But about July 3 to 4 the storm will increase and the force will be above normal east of New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago. Moderate rains are expected with disturbance. They will be well distributed.

Another disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 4, cross Pacific slope by close of 5, great central valleys 6 to 8, eastern sections 9. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 4, great central valleys 6, eastern sections 9. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 7, great central valleys 9, eastern sections 11.

This will be of greater force than usual and some severe storms are expected but not very dangerous, while

MIDDLETOWN.

[From our regular Correspondent]
The Public School Committee held its closing meeting for the summer on Monday evening, all the members being present. The Clerk, Joel Peckham was appointed a committee to purchase fuel for all the schools. The following calendar was arranged for the new year, schools to open Tuesday the next day after Labor Day, September 7, to November 12, inclusive; 10 weeks—November 15 January 28—1916—9 weeks;—January 31-April 7, 10 weeks;—April 10-June 16, 9 weeks, total 38 weeks. Holidays, Columbus Day, October 12, two days for Teachers Institute, Thanksgiving November 25-26, Christmas, December 17 to January 3, Washington's Birthday, February 21-22, April vacation, April 21-30, Decoration Day May 30 Commencing November 1st schools to close at 3.30 with half hour at noon and at 4 P. M. commencing February 18 with the usual hour at noon. It was voted to renege the Paradise and Peabody annexes. Both annexes have been taxed to the limit the past year and a large number of new children are expected the coming year. General changes are to be made in the teaching force which is now fully supplied with the exception of the Peabody annex. Miss Mary Hathaway of Newport, who did excellent work here has resigned.

At the annual meeting of the Epworth League, last week the following officers were elected President, William Livesey Brown; First Vice Pres., dept. of spiritual work, Mrs. George Irish; Second Vice Pres., dept. of world evangelism, Mrs. Mary W. Lawton; Third Vice Pres., dept. of social service, Mrs. John H. Peckham; Fourth Vice Pres., dept. of recreation and culture, Miss Harriet Barker; Secretary, Mrs. Walter S. Barker; Treas., Miss Ida B. Brown.

The graduating exercises at the Oliphant School were largely attended. A pleasing program was presented by the principal, Miss Daisy Stenhouse, assisted by the primary teacher, Miss Vivian Lewis. This included vocal solos by Miss Lewis and Miss Mae Stenhouse also instrumental selections by Messrs. Louis R. Chase, flute, and George Tubley, violin, with Miss Daisy Stenhouse as accompanist. The four graduates contributed the literary portion of the exercises, Miss Sarah Underwood gave as a recitation, "The National Flag," Miss Mabel Anthony (a granddaughter of Sheriff Anthony) an excellent Essay on "Moving Pictures," Miss Caroline Underwood, a recitation entitled "When the Little Boy ran away," and Jack Spooner, (elder son of Senator John H. Spooner), an essay on "Some Great Inventions."

Mr. Joseph L. Chase is suffering from a broken rib as the result of falling while attempting to get over a wall last week.

The schools of the town closed on Friday last for the summer vacation. At the Witherbee School, the teacher, Miss A. Emily Blake, presented a somewhat extensive program. Rev. J. Andrew Jones of Newport gave a short talk upon the meaning of "An American," which was particularly applicable to this school which is largely composed of Portuguese children. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. B. W. H. Peckham is incapacitated for work for several weeks through injuries received from a fall from a staging at Bradford Station last week where he is in the government employ as a carpenter. It was thought that he must have become dizzy from the excessive heat and the odor of hemp rope which was being extensively used, for he unexpectedly went over backward cutting a deep gash in the back of his head which required several stitches, and otherwise being severely

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

William J. Bryan announced that he will retain his Nebraska citizenship. He will live there a part of the year and do his voting there, he stated.

The first submarine boat purchased by the United States government is on its way to the junk pile. It is the Holland-9.

Mrs. Ann E. Robbins, 75, who lived alone, was found dead in her room at Boston with \$2000 in a pasteboard cracker box on the floor beside her body.

Deming Duer, a former United States consul at Lisbon, died at his home at New Haven.

Harry M. Chapin was killed when an automobile skidded and overturned at North Swanton, N. H.

A trout weighing two pounds and eleven ounces was fished out of the Chandra river basin at London.

President Wilson appointed Fred W. Hartnett postmaster at Bath, Me.

While fixing a gutter on the roof of his house at Salem, Mass., Edward W. Cottle, 50, fell from the ladder on which he stood and was killed.

James J. Goodwin, 79, a cousin and for years a business partner of the late J. P. Morgan, died at Hartford.

Mathew Nelson, 28, committed suicide at Worcester, Mass., by shooting.

One man was killed and great damage was done to property when a terrible storm struck Little Rock.

Fire at Oakdale, N. H., destroyed the conchhouse, three dwellings, three barns, two shops and a general store, causing a loss estimated above \$25,000.

Mrs. Ellen H. Wulwath, one of the founders of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and widely known as a writer of historical subjects, died in a Washington hospital.

Flour has dropped 20 cents a barrel in the Boston wholesale market. Prices of flour now range from \$6.39 to \$7.20 per barrel, or 73 cents less than the extreme high price in the early spring.

With full military honors, the body of Lieutenant Reginald Winfield, British air hero, who met his death on a French flying field shortly after he destroyed a Zeppelin, was buried in Brompton, Eng., cemetery.

Secretary McAdoo of the treasury has purchased a summer home at Vinalhaven, Me.

Two firemen were killed and more than a dozen injured when chemicals exploded in oilcloth works at Philadelphia.

The Massachusetts Real Estate exchange selected John J. Martin as its representative in the Boston budget commission.

Despondent over business reverses, James Plow of Gloucester, Mass., 48, manufacturer of spruce beer, committed suicide by taking gas.

Louis J. Royce, 63, of Springfield, Mass., committed suicide by shooting. He had been despondent.

More than 100 Italian revolutionists at Greater Boston left for New York, where they will sail for Italy to join the colors.

John G. Campbell, 80, was instantly killed at Wakefield, Mass., by a train.

Lysander M. Heath of Bethel, Vt., 64, who was seriously injured in an auto accident, died of his injuries.

An automobile accident at Danvers, N. H., cost the life of William Stealey of Lynn, Mass.

Annie Malafsky, 3, while playing on the roof of her four-story home at Boston, fell to the sidewalk and was killed.

George McConnell, treasurer of the New England Shoe and Leather association, died at Boston, where he was born in 1836.

The body of William A. Whitehouse, for twenty years supervisor of writing in the Somerville, Mass., public schools, was found floating of Marblehead, Mass.

James E. Towle, 31, proprietor of the Wolfe Tavern, Newburyport, Mass., a former member of the city government and the house of representatives, died of cerebral hemorrhages following a fall down stairs.

A veteran of two wars and the first chief of the bureau of steam engineering in the United States navy, Benjamin Isherwood, 92, U. S. N., retired, died of general debility at his home in New York.

Dr. J. E. Cleaves, 61, of Medford, Mass., killed himself by plunging a surgeon's knife into his heart. The nurse he used was one with which he had performed countless operations and one which he prized highly.

George W. York, 61, recently retired from the position of treasurer of the Maine Central Railroad company, dropped dead at a Portland, Me., hotel where he resided.

Two hundred thousand pounds of Texas-bred wool was sold at the annual auction at Walling, Tex., ranging from 20 to 22 1/2 cents. Most of the wool was purchased for Boston brokers.

Edwin R. Bowen, 74, of Melrose, Mass., shot himself in the head and died instantly.

The new battleship Arizona was successfully launched at the Puget Sound navy yard. The Arizona and her sister ship, the Pennsylvania, are the world's largest battleships.

The Robin Hood Ammunition Company, Swanton, Vt., was sold to the Remington Arms and Ammunition company of New York.

TRIBUNE APOLOGIZES

Mistaken in Publishing Story Concerning Bernstein's Envoy

The New York Tribune apologized for a story published last week concerning the appointment of a special envoy to the United States by the German government, for which the Tribune had been held responsible by the German government. The Tribune stated that the story was a mistake and that the envoy was not appointed.

Deaths.

In this city, 12th Inst., Lucie Rochester Olmstead, widow of William Gilmore, in the 81st year of age.
In this city, 14th Inst., Samuel A. Young, in his 67th year.
In Little Compton, 24th Inst., Joseph Thompson, in his 75th year.
In Providence, 15th Inst., Samuel Lindley, in his 81st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other states, away from Newport and wishing information for their selves or friends regarding these matters, houses, farms and land, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1901. He is a Graduate of the University of the State of New York and is a member of the Real Estate Association of the State of New York. He has a branch office at the Summer Village and Country places.

RUSSIANS LEAVE GALICIA BEHIND

New Teutonic Drive on Warsaw Is Now Looked For

WILL MEET MANY BARRIERS

Details of Taking of Lemberg Are Lacking, but Czar's Troops Are Known to Have Fought Every Step of the Way Until City Was Rendered Untenable—Italians May Soon Have to Meet Veteran Troops From the East—Dardanelles Began—Day Struggle Leaves Slopes Literally Carpeted With Dead—Skirmishes on Western Line Continue

Lemberg having been taken, and the Russians having been driven practically out of Galicia except for one city, Italia, a new drive on Warsaw is expected by military observers in London.

There are hints of this in a dispatch from Amsterdam, which announces that the Germans have already begun to shift their surplus army corps from Lemberg, north to the Bzura river region, east of Mlawa, the scene of their military disaster of three months ago.

This attack is looked forward to with much more confidence than the Galician campaign. To attain their objective on this line the Germans will have to move principally alone and they will have confronting them not only the ring of strong forts around Warsaw but the natural river barriers like the Vistula.

Russia has enough men in this section to permit the soldiers who have gone through the hard Galician campaign to rest. They have the guns and they have the military bases from which to put up a harder fight.

The details of the taking of Lemberg have not yet been received from any quarter, but enough has been learned to say that the Russian rear guard made a magnificent fight to cover the withdrawal of the main body and the heavy guns.

Beginning last Sunday the armies under Field Marshal von Mackensen and Archduke Ferdinand of Austria had penetrated the northern section of the Russian line around Tarnobrzeg and the Russian line. This isolated the extreme Russian right flank.

Then the main bodies of the Germans and Austrians, striking due east through Grudzi and the lakes, broke the Russian center, which rested upon Lemberg itself. This necessitated the retirement of the Russian right at Jazwa Kuska, and in the intervening space to Lemberg, resulting in the occupation of Zolkiw.

At the same time in the farther northwest the army which had been fighting in the angle of the San and the Vistula was compelled to retire to the north, and still another force around Koloze in Russian Poland, a little more than 100 miles from Warsaw, gave way.

The Russian rear guard at Lemberg rolled fighting every step of the way, and did not give up until Daghni-Kromoli's forces actually had reached a section of the city, while Mackensen's forces were only a few miles away. They then sought to retire and the Austrians entered the city. They found that the city had been only slightly damaged relatively. The Russians had destroyed all the houses and gasoline storage tanks, but had not touched the public buildings.

The exact disposition of the Russian troops in northern and eastern Galicia is not known. It is thought that Grand Duke Nicholas will endeavor to establish a position on the Bug river in Bessarabia, over the border, but it is not known whether his forces are being closely pursued, or whether the victorious Teutons are making ready to shift their forces to some other point.

It is safe to say, however, that as soon as any indications of a withdrawal of heavy artillery to another quarter are observed, the Russians will turn and resume the offensive.

Little Progress by Italians

Hostilities are continuing with varying degrees of intensity along the whole Italian front. An official communication from Rome states that Austrian attacks at several points were repulsed. The report mentions no further advances by the Italians, except for one small gain, and apparently the invasion of Austria has been checked perhaps by the reinforcements brought in from the Galician front.

Observers generally are looking forward to the moment when veteran troops from the east are thrown against the less experienced Italians. Then the true mettle of the Latins must be shown.

It is unfortunate for the Italians that after all their preparations they could not drive a deeper wedge into the enemy's territory before the situation in the east made the rushing of troops from that front to the Austrian frontier possible.

Slaughter on Gallipoli

Thousands of bodies literally carpeted the sandy slopes of Gallipoli peninsula in a seven-day bloody struggle at the Dardanelles, an official eye witness statement reported.

"The Turkish trenches were piled high with cadavers," said the eye witness. "Often howling shells on the slopes played queer roles, burying the dead under a shower of dirt and sand loosened by their explosion."

Report of French War Office

An official communication issued by the French war office says:

"In the region north of Arras troops have organized themselves in the covered positions. A lively cannon-

AWARDED A SCALE THEY HAD REFUSED

Gloom Among Employees of Bay State Railway Company

The award of the Bay State railway arbitration board left a trail of gloom among carmen from Newport, N. J., to Nashua, N. H.

After costly arbitration proceedings that began nearly eight months ago, the men now learn that they have won practically nothing but what the road was willing to grant without arbitration.

In financial circles the award is termed a victory for the road. The whole award, affecting 6,000 employees, will cost the company less than \$300,000 for the two years ending Oct. 1, 1916.

The demands of the union, it granted, would cost the road in the vicinity of \$1,180,000 per annum, and involved increases in wages running from 25 percent to as high as 40 percent, depending upon the class to which the employees belonged.

The half-cent increase granted the blue-uniformed men was rejected when President Sullivan, head of the Bay State system, made a similar offer last year.

AMERICANS ARE FVORED

Claim of British Concerning Blockade Ordered by Government

In a memorandum received at Washington from the British government through Ambassador Page, it is represented at considerable length that United States commerce has been specially favored under the blockade established some time ago under orders-in-council.

The memorandum recites at length the efforts to minimize inconvenience to neutral commerce resulting from the order-in-council against trade against Germany, Austria and Turkey, and asserts that American citizens have no just grounds for complaint on account of the treatment accorded their cargoes.

No attempt is made to answer the principles asserted in the American note of March 1 protesting against the order-in-council and insisting upon the right of neutrals to carry on legitimate commerce with each other and to trade in non-contraband with civilians in belligerent countries. In transmitting the memorandum, Page said it was "merely an explanation of concrete cases and the regulations under which they are dealt with."

LANSLING SUCCEEDS BRYAN

Appointment as Secretary of State Meets Unanimous Approval

Robert Lansing, who, as councillor of the state department has advised President Wilson in law and precedent in the policy pursued by the United States toward belligerent governments since the outbreak of the European war, was named as secretary of state to succeed William J. Bryan.

Four appointments in recent years have given such widespread satisfaction in the national capital. Lansing is a Democrat, but he has devoted his time to international law and diplomacy and is as popular with former Republican officials as with his colleagues.

Lansing is 61 years old and a native of Waterford, N. Y. He graduated from Amherst college in 1889.

PLEADS NOT GUILTY

Perjury Charge Against Stahl In Connection With Lusitania Case

Gustav Stahl, the German reserist who was indicted on a charge of perjury by a federal grand jury, entered a plea of not guilty when arraigned in the United States district court at New York.

The perjury charge is based on an affidavit in which Stahl is alleged to have sworn that he saw four guns on the Lusitania when she left New York on April 30.

Trial of the case was set for July 12, and in default of \$10,000 bail, the defendant was remanded to the Tombs prison.

EARTHQUAKE KILLS FIVE

Property Damage in Imperial Valley Is About \$1,000,000

An earthquake shook the Imperial valley of California, killed five persons and caused damage estimated at \$1,000,000 in the valley's little cluster of towns.

El Centro suffered more than any other town. The five killed were caught in falling walls at Mexicali, just across the border. Martial law was proclaimed there.

As far as can be learned the shocks were severest at and below the border. The earthquake extended all the way to Yuma, Ariz.

Features of Harvard Commencement

The bestowal of 1200 degrees, the dedication of the \$2,000,000 Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library, and the establishment of a fund of \$125,000 for a professorship in transportation in honor of James J. Hill made the 121st commencement day of Harvard university a most notable occasion.

Thaw's Trial Is On

Harry K. Thaw's seventh attempt to gain his freedom since his arrest nine years ago this month for the murder of Stanford White was begun at New York with the selection of a jury to inquire as to his sanity.

Prison and Fine For De Wet

A sentence of six years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000 was imposed on General De Wet, one of the leaders of the South African rebellion against the British government, who was found guilty of treason.

SIEGEL GIVES HIMSELF UP

Former Merchant Prince Concludes to Serve Sentence

IS JAILED FOR TEN MONTHS

Grand Jury Investigation Caused Change of Plan to Offer \$100,000 on Account of Thousands of Depositors Who Lost \$2,224,000 in His Bank—Was Once Worth \$4,500,000

Henry Siegel, who was convicted of accepting deposits for the private bank he operated in connection with his store, when it was insolvent, gave himself up to the court at Genesee, N. Y., to serve the ten months sentence imposed upon him last November.



HENRY SIEGEL

After his conviction and sentence, Siegel was given six months' liberty, under a stay, to earn money to pay back as much of the \$2,224,000 as owed the 15,000 depositors as he could.

Counsel for Siegel withdrew the offer of \$100,000 as the "substantial payment" to his creditors and waived stay of sentence. A few minutes later the former merchant prince went to the Monroe county penitentiary at Rochester.

It was admitted that the change in plan was the result of the grand jury investigation by Assistant District Attorney Train two weeks ago, which counsel for Siegel, confesses showed Siegel's offer was not acceptable to anything like a majority of the depositors who lost in his bank.

Siegel was convicted of a misdemeanor in obtaining a loan from a bank on a false credit statement. The trial was held in the Livingston county supreme court last November. Justice Clark sentenced him to pay a fine of \$1000 and to serve ten months in the penitentiary.

The penitentiary sentence, however, was stayed till the June sitting of the court with the understanding that should Siegel then come forward with a substantial repayment of the depositors the sentence would be vacated.

Siegel has testified that in 1902 he was worth \$1,500,000. That was the high-water mark of his prosperity, for although he may have appeared more prosperous after that time, his fortune was insecure.

CAUGHT BY UNDERTOW

Seven Pleasure Seekers at Atlantic City Beach Are Drowned

Battered by a huge wave and carried into deep water by a treacherous undertow, seven bathers, including prominent members of the Philadelphia summer colony, were drowned in the surf at Atlantic City, N. J.

Scores of others were dragged to the beach in an unconscious condition after lifeguards and other bathers had battled desperately to save their lives.

One other man was drowned when six fishing smacks were capsized simultaneously as they were about to come ashore and a score of fishermen thrown into the water.

PIMPLES RED AND DISFIGURING

Came on Face. Then on Arms. Itched So Would Scratch. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Three Weeks Healed.

68 Poplar St., Boston, Mass.—"My trouble began with pimples spreading on my arms. They were very red and they itched so that I began to scratch them and that caused eruption. They first came on my face and they were so red and disfiguring and my face itched so at night that I would scratch them until they became bleeding. I would get to bed about nine o'clock and fall asleep about twelve.

"I used remedies and creams but in the morning they would be worse. After about five or six weeks I saw the Cuticura advertisement in the paper. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment three weeks and I was completely healed. The trouble was gone." (Signed) J. Kanner, Oct. 10, 1914.

It is easy to claim to specially heal itching skin troubles and to promise and maintain a good complexion, clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft white hands but quite another thing to do so. Cuticura has been successfully doing this work throughout the world for thirty-six years.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 2-cp. skin book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sent throughout the world.

FOR VACATION TRIPS. THE NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Have on hand and for sale TRAVELERS' CHECKS

Issued by

The American Bankers Association.
The American Express Company.
The Adams Express Company.
Brown Brothers and Company.
The National City Bank of New York.
and Wells Fargo Express Company.

No. 1553.
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The National Exchange Bank.
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, May 1, 1915.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts	Overdrafts, secured, 1st 2d, unsecured, 1915	\$1,233,233.30
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)		100,000.00
Total Bonds, Securities, etc.		100,000.00
Subscription to Stock of Federal Reserve Bank		10,000.00
Real Estate		1,000.00
Banking House		1,000.00
Other Real Estate owned		1,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		1,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in Central Reserve Cities		1,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in other Reserve Cities		1,000.00
Due from Banks and Bankers (other than above)		1,000.00
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		1,000.00
Fractional Currency		1,000.00
Exchange for Traveling House		1,000.00
Notes of other National Banks		1,000.00
Cash		1,000.00
LAWSU MONEY REMAIN IN BANK, etc.		
Specie		1,000.00
Legal-tender notes		1,000.00
Redeemable funds with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on)		1,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		1,000.00
TOTAL		\$2,411,733.30
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits		1,000,000.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		1,000,000.00
Circulating Notes		1,000,000.00
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption or in transit		1,000,000.00
Due to approved Reserve Agents		1,000,000.00
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)		1,000,000.00
Indiv. dual deposits subject to check (less than 30 days)		1,000,000.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days		1,000,000.00
Certified checks		1,000,000.00
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed		1,000,000.00
TOTAL		\$2,411,733.30

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport, ss.:
I, Geo. H. Brown, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct Attest:
GEO. H. BROWN, Cashier.
EDWARD A. BROWN,
EDW. B. PEGGIAN,
WILLIAM R. HARVEY, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1915.
PACKER HANAN, Notary Public

Vacation Hotel Book

Practical facts to assist you in planning a satisfactory outing are found in our

Manual of Summer Resorts

Listing 1500 Hotels

and other boarding places—their rates per day and week—in Southern New England; the picturesque Berkshire Hills; along the North Shore of Long Island Sound; Narragansett Pier, Watch Hill, Cape Cod, Buzzard's Bay and Massachusetts' South Shore; the wonderful vacation islands, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Block Island.

Over 80 Golf Courses

Sent to your address on request; write Advertising Department, New Haven, Ct.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the escape.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

SEE CALIFORNIA FREE

FULL PARTICULARS FOR 4 COPIES IN STAMPEL AUTO TOUR COMPANY BUILDING LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

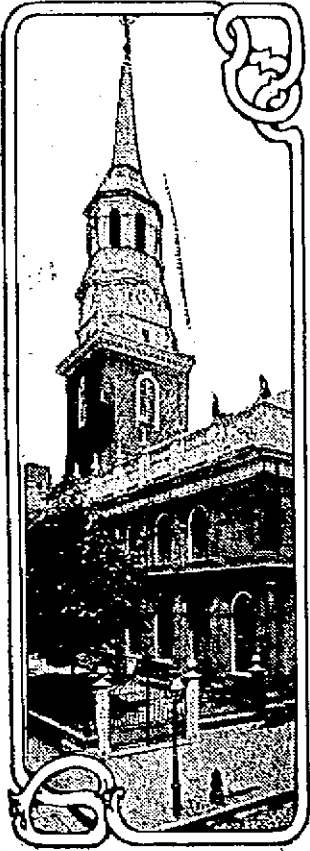
THE JULY 4 CHURCH

Historic Building In Which Many Signers Worshipped.

OLD Christ church, the historic and sacred edifice in Philadelphia where three-fourths of the signers of the Declaration of Independence worshipped, commemorates the nation's birthday every year with impressive patriotic and religious services. Representatives of the Lutheran, Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches, the religious bodies that were active in the life of Philadelphia when independence was declared, generally participate in the services.

Last year the services took the form of a prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of civil and religious liberty. Addresses were made by Bishop Garland, representing the Episcopal church; the Rev. Dr. William H. Roberts of the Presbyterian general assembly and the Rev. Dr. Edwin Heyl Dolk of the Lutheran church. The services were conducted by the Rev. Louis O. Washburn, rector of Old Christ church.

The order of service was the one adopted in 1785 by the church to be used every year on the Fourth of July. The service was attended by representatives of President Wilson, Mayor Blankenburg, the Colonial Dames, the Sons of the Revolution and of the Pine Street Presbyterian church, whose pastor, Dr. DuBois, like Dr. White, rector of Old Christ church, was a chaplain of the First Continental congress. The clergy of the diocese in their vestments, with the other guests, met in the Neighborhood House and proceeded into the church while the historic



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

bells of Old Christ church were ringing as they did in 1776.

The entire church was filled with persons who worshipped in the same pews where knelt the churchmen and patriots of the Continental congress.

Bishop Garland, at the conclusion of his address, read the following poem, written by him for the occasion:

INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Lord, in thy house this sacred day
We kneel where patriots knelt to pray;
They pledged anew their faith in thee,
Then took up arms for liberty.

Not in their strength, but in thy might,
They trusted to defend the right,
And thou didst guide them by thy hand
And established firm our fatherland.

God of the patriots, be our guide;
Protect this land for which they died;
Give us our fathers' faith in thee
To live for truth and liberty.

Here's a Patriotic Cake.

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of milk, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of six eggs. Sift the flour and baking powder together three times. Add the milk and, last, the eggs; favor to taste. Divide the batter into two equal portions. To one portion add a few drops of pink fruit coloring. Bake in four layers. Put together with a white icing; ice in white and decorate with small red and blue candies made to form the dates 1776-1915.

The Magic of Pyrotechnics.
Strange, fantastic, beautiful and wonderful things are inspired by the fireworks experts in the dull pasteboard cases that cover their magical compounds, as the Escherman's dask of Arabian tradition told the mighty Atride. The fiery dragons, clouds of light, meteoric blazons of stars, dazzling streamers and coronations of effulgence that fill the air are so many ministers of delight to millions on every Independence day, bringing weird and startling sensations with every fresh glimpse of swiftly fading beauty and glory.

Atlatl Emeralds.
Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.—Exchange.

WARNING!

GET the glowing punk and the crack-or cut!
Let the loud torpedo busily boom;
Flutter the banner and bravely shout;
Give to the screeching old eagle room;
Toll the wondering, listening world once more
Of the glory we claim and our strength and pride;
Let the shout be echoed from shore to shore
And wafted o'er prairie and mountain side;
Let the folds of our glorious flag be tossed
High o'er the heads of unshackled men—
But don't forget that the hand that is lost
Will never grow on your wrist again.



A VICTIM, BUT CHEERFUL.

SHOUT of the glory our ancestors won;
Let the Declaration be proudly read;
Tear a hole through the roof with the rusty gun;
Cause the dogs to hide or to flee in dread;
Let the oars and the kings of the world be told
Of the pride and the strength of a freeborn race;
Let the welkin ring as it rang of old;
Make the land we claim an uproarious place;
Shout and shout all the glorious day;
Whoop of the greatness of freeborn men—
But remember the nose that is shot away
Will never grow on your face again.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Herald.

ONE BOY'S FOURTH.

He Wound It Up in a Blaze, but Not One of Glory.

"When I was many years younger I spent a very unhappy Fourth of July," said Louis James, the famous actor. "During three weeks preceding this period I made myself useful to our neighbors—when my mother couldn't find me in order that I might have a fund sufficient to buy fireworks.

"I counted over my three weeks' wages doing chores. They amounted to 37 cents. The night preceding the Fourth I went with my parents to church, much against my will, for I wanted to exult with my playmates over my intely acquired wealth. I was the most restless member of that congregation and amused myself by annoying mother. I was so very naughty that I was not allowed out of the house the next day until evening.

"In the meantime I studied how to get even with my parents for this severe punishment, and after due deliberation I determined to set our neighbor's house on fire. I succeeded, and to this day I recollect how forlorn I was at the end of it. I got all that was coming to me from my parents."

An Independence Day Resolution.

I am a citizen of America and an heir to all her greatness and renown. The health and happiness of my own body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place. So the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place. I will not fill any post or pursue any business where I can live upon my fellow citizens without doing them useful service in return, for I plainly see that this must bring suffering and want to some of them. I will do nothing to desecrate the soil of America or pollute her air or degrade her children, my brothers and sisters. I will try to make her cities beautiful and her citizens healthy and happy, so that she may be a desired home for myself now and for her children in days to come.
—Anonymous.

ONE VERY SILENT FOURTH.

No starry banner was unfurled;
No patriot whooped a cheer;
No bells rang out to tell the world
The glorious Fourth was here.

No grand parades marched up and down
The starry spangled ways,
To stand for liberty and crown
The day of all our days.

No popping crackers raised a din
From Oregon to Maine;
No reckless little boys got in
The list of maimed and slain.

No eagle screamed from height to height;
No bands were out to play;
No blazing fireworks made the night
As brilliant as the day.

No Declaration anywhere
Was read to cheering throngs,
No oratory filled the air,
Nor patriotic songs.

And yet it was July the Fourth,
As sure as you're alive,
But listen—it was July 4th
Ours!

—W. J. Lampton in New York World.

Tempus Fugit.

"I want a warrant for the arrest of Father Time."

"What's the charge?"
"Outrages and continuous violation of the speed laws."—Judge.

A man must be excessively stupid as well as uncharitable who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.—Addison.

SIGNERS OF HIGH RANK.

Some of the Nation's Fathers Were Men of Wealth and Distinction.

Among the men who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in support of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, ranking all in breathing life into the nation, were persons of high rank and distinction. Some of them possessed fame which passed the boundaries of the colonies and was recognized in the mother country.

Stephen Hopkins, whose tremulous signature is familiar to every person who has seen the Declaration, was chief justice of Rhode Island before the war, and he was the first abolitionist. He introduced a bill in the colonial legislature to prohibit the importation of slaves and carried out his ideas practically by giving freedom to all the slaves he owned. Besides all this, he was a great mathematician, and his name will go down in scientific history as the observer of the transit of Venus in June, 1761. He was one of the founders of the Public Library at Providence, a member of the American Philosophical society and the founder and patron of the free schools of Providence.

The trembling of his hand when he signed the Declaration was not due to fear—to which he was a stranger—but to palsy. He was a sufferer from that malady for many years.

Richard Stockton of New Jersey was probably the best known lawyer in America. As early as 1704 he had been

John Hancock
Sam Adams
John Adams
Robert Treat Paine
George Jay
Josiah Bartlett
Wm. Wadsworth
Matthew Thornton
Step. Hopkins
William Ellery
Roger Sherman

SIGNATURES OF SOME OF THE SIGNERS.

made a sergeant-at-law, in those times a position of high distinction in his profession. In 1765, when he visited England, he found that his fame had preceded him, and he was received everywhere with the greatest respect. At Edinburgh he was formally received by the lord provost, and the citizens by unanimous vote conferred the freedom of the city on him in recognition of his great learning. He was a friend of the king, who made him supreme court judge of New Jersey. Still he cast his lot in with the American patriots, saw his great estate seized and ruined and finally died from the effects of brutal treatment while he was a prisoner in the hands of the British.

Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire, besides being one of the first members of congress to vote for the Declaration of Independence, was also the first American physician to discover the virtues of the now universally used drug, quinine. He was eminent for his surgical skill long before the war broke out.

Philip Livingston of New York was a man of great wealth and distinguished ancestry, a direct descendant of a regent of Scotland, a king of the Hebrides and the Earl of Livingston, in Scotland. His father was the founder of Livingston Manor, on the Hudson. Philip himself was the most prominent merchant of New York city. He was the friend and correspondent of Edmund Burke, and Burke's friendship for America and defense of her cause were due to Livingston's lucid explanations.

An Old Time

July 4 Song

Noble our flag flutters o'er us today,
Emblem of peace, pledge of liberty's sway;
Its folds shall tremble and shrink in dismay
If o'er it insulted be.
Our stripes and stars, loved and honored by all,
Shall float forever where freedom may call.
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty.

CHORUS.
Here we will gather, its cause to defend;
Let patriots rally and wise counsel lend.
It still shall be the flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty.

With it in beauty to flag can compare;
All nations honor our banner so fair.
If to insult it a traitor should dare,
Crushed to the earth let him be!
Freedom and progress our watchword to-day.
When duty calls us who dare disobey?
Honor to thee, thou flag of the free,
Emblem of sweet liberty.

For a July 4 Luncheon.
Make the luncheon color scheme that of the national colors—red, white and blue. A cunning centerpiece may be evolved by the use of tin soldiers. Make a fort by the use of a white pasteboard box of convenient size turned upside down and marked into abutments to represent brick. Color the bricks by the use of a red lead pencil or water colors. Place in the center a flagpole surmounted by a flag. Arrange the soldiers on top of and around about the fort. The color scheme may be carried further by the use of white place cards the corners of which are decorated with tiny flags in water colors.

Cash Prize.

Flotdash—He always was a lucky sort of a guy.
Bensonhurst—What's happened?
"He's got the cash prize in a lottery."
"Really?"
"Yes, he's just married money."
Yonkers Statesman.

OLD GLORY

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battlefields of the Revolution and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule, but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed, what storms of shot and shell, what scenes of fire and blood—not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Landry's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec! It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory; the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant west.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett, what lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag—the stars and stripes!" And wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day; it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.—Rev. Albert B. Putnam.

A JULY 4 SURPRISE



Freddie Ostreich—"Oh, what a feast! I do hope the fellows won't see this!"



"And here's some nice dessert!"



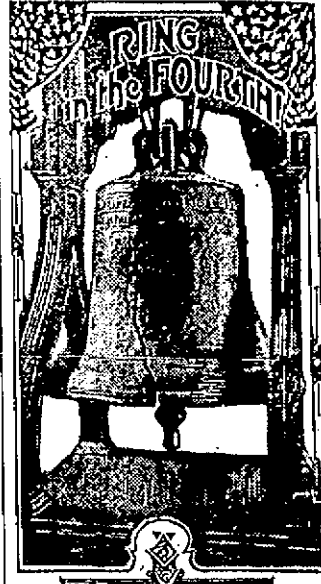
"Gee whizz! I'm losing the lot and the boys'll see it after all!"

Good Fireworks Effect.
A pretty effect with fireworks is given when two men armed with roman candles stand widely apart, making the two legs of a triangle whose apex is formed by the fire balls meeting at the height of their flight.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



THE FOURTH OF JULY

By GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peal rings out;
The mountain farms of stanch Vermont prolong the thundering call,
And Massachusetts answers "Bunker Hill!"—a watchword for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her sea wet locks, acclaiming with the free,
And staid Connecticut breaks forth in joyous harmony;
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore.

Still on the booming valley rolls, o'er plains and flowery glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide.

And wood crowned Allegheny's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky,
While on the shores and through the swales, round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes midst freemen's songs are flashing to the breeze.

The woodsman from the mother takes his boy upon his knee
And tells him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty.
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside
To think upon his country's worth and feel his country's pride.

While many a foreign accent which our God can understand
Is blessing him for home and bread in this free, fertile land,
Yea; when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest
The day of independence rolls still onward to the west.

Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea.
O God, look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell.

Nor while the grass grows on the hill and streams run through the vale
May they forget their fathers' faith or in their covenant fail;
Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun—
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one."

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE spirit of the nation is at the highest. Its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the constitution has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry. We had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes, as it were, from preparatory growth to responsible development of character and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself are prepared for this people in the coming century we may not assume to foretell. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever," and we reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty; peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love of fame.—William M. Evans.

China the Birthplace of Fireworks.
The trick of pyrotechny, along with the formula for gunpowder, was brought to Europe from China and the far east about the thirteenth century. Ever since then specialists equipped with all the resources of chemistry have devoted themselves to this brilliant and fascinating science art until now the pyrotechnist's skill amazes and enraptures the spectacle loving populace in every civilized country.

Clean Living.
James—A bath bun and two sponge cakes, please. Waitress—Two sponges and a bath for this gentleman, please!—London Opinion.

To apply to others in charity the knowledge one has used against oneself in judgment—this is the hard thing to do.—Mallach.

Quarrel of Squire Bull and His Son Jonathan

An Old Time Fourth of July Allegory

By JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond and which by reason of its being quite surrounded by water was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutter and a notable weaver besides. He also brewed capital porters, ale and small beer and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and good at each.

In addition to these he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion and passably honest as the times went. But what tarnished all these qualities was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other.

The truth is he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it, so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye or a bloody nose.

Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—some of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out, sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan. He fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer.

Taking his gun and his ax, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim. Jonathan intended to settle the lands. When he got over he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood and inhabited only by wild beasts.

But, being a lad of spirit, he took his ax on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors and handling his ax like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms, and building himself a large house, which he partly finished, began to be quite snug.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stitzy and besides was in great want of money on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare. So he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

He made up I know not what claim against him and under different pretenses managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions, and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But for all this in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age and became a tall, stout, double jointed, broad footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look and giving the promise of great strength when he should get his growth.

He was rather an odd looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways, but everybody who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers and always wore a linsey woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion and threw the teakettle at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was thereupon exceedingly enraged and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time, for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.

Education.
Education is not merely the writing of facts on the mind as one writes a blank slate. It resembles rather the placing of fresh color on canvas on which earlier colors are not dry. The new colors mix with the old. So the living mind mixes new information with what is already in it, and judges the new in the light of the old.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

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Mrs. Dearborn—You say that is Mrs. Burke-Martin?

Mrs. Wabash—Yes; Burke was her name and Martin was her husband's name.

Mrs. Dearborn—But why does she use the hyphen between the names?

Mrs. Wabash—To show that she is separated from her husband.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cynical.

Two actors were discussing their plans of marriage. At the seventh wedding breakfast of the first actor the other, who had himself been married six times, said:

"Well, old man, I thought you had learned by this time that a marriage is nothing but a sentence of hard labor for life."

"You must bring little Gertrude over and let me take her picture some time."

"You can't take her picture, Papa Lewis."

"Why not?"

"She's too young."

"Yes, sir, Papa Lewis, she squirms at the time,"—Houston Post.

"A woman is as old as she looks."

"But not always as plump."

The Conspirators.

"Of course I can understand my wife's position in the case," the judge said. "She wants her only daughter to marry a man with money, and you haven't any. So this is my plan: I'll settle a good round sum on you, and you can say it came from a rich relative. Then my wife will be satisfied. You can marry Roxane and live happily ever after."

"Oh"—Oliver's face was bright with hope—"You are very good, sir."

"But you mustn't tell Roxane where you got the money," the judge pursued. "She couldn't keep it from her mother."

"But I ought not to deceive my future wife."

The judge banged a heavy fist on the desk. "Don't be foolish," he said sternly. "It is the only way."

"But"—Then before Oliver could proceed with his objection a clear voice asked: "May I come in?"

"Roxane," exclaimed the two men. She stood hesitating on the threshold, a slender little thing, with her fair hair puffed out under a plumed hat.

"Mother is waiting in the motor," she said breathlessly. "We are on our way to the charity bazaar, and I want some money."

The judge kissed her. "Now it's Oliver's turn," he teased.

"Oh, father, she reproached him with a sob, "you know Oliver and I had to break our engagement because mother won't hear of it." And she hid her face on the judge's shoulder.

The judge glanced at Oliver. "Tell her," he commanded, and the boy began a halting tale.

As he proceeded Roxane interrupted. "You mean that someone has left you a fortune?"

Oliver nodded.

With her face shining, the girl went swiftly to her lover. "Oh, Oliver! Oliver," she said, "how happy I am!"

For a moment he hesitated; then he gathered her into his arms. "It's worth everything to know that you are mine, Roxane," he said huskily.

The rustle of silk skirts in the hall brought him out of his rhapsody.

"It's your mother," warned the judge, and when the rather stout lady in mauve entered she found two solemn young people on each side of the judge's desk.

"I thought Roxane was never coming down," she panted.

"I found Oliver here," Roxane explained, "and, oh, mother, a rich relative has left him a fortune."

"A fortune—Oliver!" scoffed the stout lady. "Why, he hasn't a rich relative in the world."

"The fact remains, my dear," the judge asserted blandly, "that he has had a fortune left him by a distant cousin."

"What cousin?" was the demand.

"You needn't tell me, James."

"Put, tut," the judge cautioned, "Don't accuse the boy of lying."

"I'm not accusing anybody," Mrs. Vandiver stated. "I merely asked you what cousin, James."

"I'm not sure of the name, Abbie," he stammered. "Perhaps Oliver can satisfy you."

But Oliver weakened. "I think Mrs. Vandiver is right," he said unsteadily. "Until I can offer satisfactory proof of my good fortune it will be well for me to give up Roxane. There may be some mistake."

"Of course," said Mrs. Vandiver, with aggravating assurance. "Come on, Roxane. And she dragged her unwilling captive from the room."

Left alone the conspirators stared at each other.

"Now you've done it," said the judge, disgustedly. "Why couldn't you bluff it out?"

"Not with Roxane's trusting eyes on me," said Roxane's lover.

"Well, if you knew Roxane's mother as well as I do," the judge growled, "you would know that it's the only hope."

After a depressing silence Oliver ventured: "Perhaps if you approached her differently you might get better results."

The judge smiled. "How do you mean?"

Oliver blushed. "Oh, well, I've sometimes thought, sir, that if you appealed to your wife's sense of romance—"

"Abbie's sense of romance!" the judge ejaculated.

"You must have some memories that would make her feel tenderly toward you—toward us!"

"It has been so long," the judge murmured and found himself suddenly curious as to when he had ceased to think of Abbie as the princess in his fairy tale.

"You see, I'm afraid we're beyond romance," he murmured. "She wouldn't understand."

"It seems to me," said the wise young Daniel, "that woman is never too old to resist an appeal to her heart."

The judge pondered. "I asked her to marry me on Oct. 15, 22 years ago."

"There!" Oliver exclaimed, "and today is the 14th, and tomorrow is an anniversary. Oh, you've got to take advantage of that, judge."

"I took her to ride in my buggy," the judge rambled on, sheepishly. "There was a big round moon."

He stopped suddenly. "But of course we've grown sensible since then," he said wistfully.

"Well, you just ask her to go tomorrow," Oliver recommended, and then the judge gave in.

The next evening he presented himself at the dinner table armed with a long paper box.

"For you, my dear," he said to his wife, as she came in with Roxane, heavy eyed and pensive.

"The nearest thing I could get to pinks," the judge explained.

"Why pinks?" his wife demanded.

"Abbie," he reproached, "have you forgotten that 22 years ago you wore pinks?"

Mrs. Vandiver's expansive features expressed a blank surprise. "What happened 22 years ago?"

"I know," Roxane interrupted. "There's the picture on father's desk—you have on a blue dress and a bunch of pinks—you said you looked that way when he asked you to marry him."

The blush that stole up to Mrs. Vandiver's gray curls gave her a curious look of youth. "Why, James," she faltered, "did you really remember?"

"Yes," said the judge, feeling that he had never forgotten life would have held deeper meanings.

Mrs. Vandiver came around and kissed her husband. "Thank you, dear," she said, with a gentleness that made Roxane stare.

After that it was not hard to propose a ride by moonlight, and Mrs. Vandiver, consenting, came down in a blue gown that became her elderly plumpness almost as well as that other blue gown had set off her girlish figure.

The judge's electric runabout replaced the buggy of long ago, and as they went quickly through the city and out into the country roads that astute gentleman refrained from any mention

of Oliver and Roxane. All his talk was of things of the past.

"How happy we were, Abbie," he said at last, and his wife responded wistfully. "Very much, James."

A golden moon hung over the dark line of the hills. The air was sweet with the spiciness of the pines. The judge was thrilled with bygone emotions and his arm was comfortably about his wife's waist.

Then in the rapture of the restoration to her place of romance of the Abbie of long ago he forgot Oliver—forgot Roxane.

He was brought back with a shock when Mrs. Vandiver said as they turned toward home: "I've been thinking of Roxane. If she really loves Oliver I don't know but I ought—"

"Of course you ought," said the judge promptly. "Give them your blessing and let them be as happy as we are."

"I am afraid that Oliver has been fooled by some of those firms who hunt up lost heirs," the lady pursued. "Of course Oliver was sincere, but I don't think much of the fortune story."

"No," mendaciously, "it don't seem probable."

"You can settle something on them after they are married," said Mrs. Vandiver. "We haven't any one to leave it to but Roxane—and it would be nice to have them engaged on the same day that we were, Jimmie."

Jimmie—The magic of the youthful appellation made the judge feel like a colt.

"Let's get them married, you and I will go off and have another honeymoon," he proposed jubilantly. "We will have the time of our lives."

The ripple that came from his wife's lips was a silver echo of the golden laughter of other days.

"We will," she said, and lifted her face to him in the moonlight, "and now let's go right home and tell the children, Jimmie."—Virginia Blair.

Very Quiet.

The conversation at a dinner party the other evening turned to the domestic problem, when Miss Elsie Lander, a Kansas suffrage worker, recalled an appropriate story.

Some time ago Miss Lander said, Mrs. Smith was entertaining a number of women friends, when a maid quietly entered the parlor, did the business for which she was called and just as quietly retired. Instantly several of the guests were favorably impressed.

"You have been getting a new maid, Mary," exclaimed one of the party, her eyes following the domestic. "How long have you had her?"

"Not very long, rather indifferently replied Mrs. Smith. "We got her about two weeks ago."

"She looks like a veritable gem," was the admiring comment. "How nice and quiet she is."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Smith. "She is very quiet. As a matter of fact, she doesn't even disturb the dust when she is cleaning a room."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Quite Professional.

Agustino Biffrell, about whose resignation from the chief secretaryship of Ireland rumors are still in circulation, is like so many other politicians, a lawyer.

In his early days at the bar, Mr. Biffrell often had to deal with poor clients. On one occasion, he defended a very poor man, and kindly offered to do so for nothing. Mr. Biffrell won the case and the client was so grateful that he sent the lawyer fifteen shillings. Mr. Biffrell accepted this small sum so as not to hurt the man's feelings; but, later on, he was reproached by a fellow lawyer for doing so.

"Why," said the latter gentleman, "did you take fifteen shillings? Don't you know that it is unprofessional conduct for us lawyers to take less than gold?"

"Well," answered Mr. Biffrell with a twinkle in his eye, "I took all the poor beggar had. You don't consider that is unprofessional, do you?"—Pearson's.

An Incipient Forger.

A small boy played truant, and when he went to school the next day he handed the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher—Please excuse Tommy for not being at school yesterday and don't tick him. The boy he played with licked him, and the man whose dog they chased licked him, and the driver whose cart they climbed on licked him, and when his father came home, he licked him. Father thinks he will attend regular in the future. Yours, Mary Smith."

After that letter the teacher was merciful and Tommy was permitted to run out and play with no further damage. In the yard he met a chum. In "Say, Billy," he remarked in a gleeful way, "ain't I lucky?"

"Why?" was the quick response of Billy. "Because the teacher didn't tick ye?"

"No," said Tommy, with a smile, "because I can write just like mother!"—Exchange.

Not Quite Explicit.

The rich old man had died, and all the relatives were tenterhooks.

Who would get his money? Would it be shared among them, or had the old man left it to charity?

At last one particularly hard-up cousin could wait no longer. He went to the office of the old man's lawyer and tackled him.

"You made old Tompkins' will?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"Then you probably know how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Not at all," said the lawyer, courtously. "The late Mr. Tompkins left everything he had!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Proof Positive.

Little Janet came running into the house one morning, sobbing. Throwing herself into her mother's arms, she cried:

"God doesn't love me any more, mother!"

"Why, Janet, dear," said the mother. "Why do you say that? God loves every one."

"No, mother, He doesn't love me," cried the little. "I know He doesn't. I tried Him with a daisy!"—Zew York Times.

Guzzler—I once lived on water for 10 days.

Flubdub—Why didn't you take a fast boat?—Judge.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Timely, Anyhow.

A story—apocryphal perhaps, but at any rate timely—is going the rounds of Park Row about Col. George Harvey, the noted editor.

Col. Harvey, seated with the Peacham veterans round the hot stove, could not resist telling one or two of his minor metropolitan successes—successes which the Peachamites heard in a cold silence.

"And I, too, am a Peacham boy," said Col. Harvey. "Yet nobody remembers me here. Strange."

He turned warmly to an old man with red chin whiskers striped with gray.

"You," he said, "are George Slocum."

He turned to another old man who had very large, white, even false teeth.

"You are George R. Boone," he said.

Then he turned to the whole circle of veterans round the stove and cried impulsively:

"Somebody, surely, must remember my name. Come, now think: It's George—George—George."

"Wall, judge!" from them tales ye bin a-givin' us," snorted an old fellow in gum shoes. "I reckon it ain't George Washington, now."

The Reason.

Mr. Harold Regbie quotes in "The Happy Irish," an amusing story that he got from the doctor of a little town that he visited in the course of his tour of Ireland.

"I was rung up pretty late one night by a peasant from an outlying village, 15 miles away. He was in the days before I had a car. The wind was blowing horribly, the rain was sweeping against the house, and it was deadly cold. The peasant asked me rather shamefacedly if I would come and see his mother. I invited him to come in. 'Patrick,' I said to him, 'your mother is a very old woman.'

"I know that, doctor," he admitted. "She's over 80, Patrick."

"She's all that, doctor."

"And nothing that I could do tonight would be of the smallest use to her."

"Sure, doctor," said he, "I know very well it's the truth you are telling me, but me poor mother, do you see, would have me come and fetch you because she does not want to die a natural death."

Marvelous!

"It is marvelous," began Green before a goodly audience, "how coming events cast their shadows before themselves. Why, only the other day there was a fire at our church, and I bet none of you can tell me what was the last thing on the organ."

"Lost Chord?" ventured one.

Green shook his head.

"Was it 'Faust'?" suggested the man of the opera.

"All wrong," answered Green.

"Well, what on earth was it?" asked one impatiently.

Green made good his line of retreat and then came his answer:

"The hose," he managed to shout, amid a hail of missiles.—Answers.

The Fault of the Clock.

One night a man was reading a volume of highly colored fiction to his family. With his spectacle on his nose he droned along: "Gwendolen de Vere Hastings lowered her limpid blue eyes, and Lord Algernon Mannerling took her slim white hands in his, and crushed her to him in a passionate embrace. At that moment five minutes past 12 sounded from the castle belfry, and—"

But here his youngest daughter interposed.

"No clock could strike five minutes past 12," she said.

"Don't criticize unless you know. Certainly it could," replied Paterfamilias. "It was five minutes slow!"

Two Chapters.

Young man (over the counter)—If I should want to exchange this engagement ring for something else it will be all right won't it?

Jeweler—Oh, certainly, with pleasure. We are always glad to accommodate patrons.

Same young man (over the counter, a year later)—I believe you told me when I bought this ring I could exchange it for something else.

Jeweler—Yes, what will you have?

Young Man—Well, I'd like to exchange it for a barrel of flour, a barrel of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a ham and a load of coal.

A Famine Breeder.

It was one of those eight-course-dinner-for-60-cents restaurants. At one table sat a very stout lady and her very thin husband.

"John," simpered the lady, wishing to pose as a dainty eater, "I don't believe I eat enough to keep a bird alive!"

But her husband was a matter-of-fact sort of fellow.

"You couldn't my dear," he replied calmly—"at least, not in proportion. I believe that a bird eats two and a half times its own weight every twenty-four hours."—From Stray Stories.

The Domestic Machine.

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered, miserably.

"Why, they!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it."—Youth's Companion.

The Joy of Anticipation.

The youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster, reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?"

"What difference would that have made?"

"Lots!" sighed the child. "I could have expected it all day."—Lippincott's.

It seems to me, upon looking 'round, that people mostly are pretty sound. The sole exceptions that I see, are those who don't agree with me.

—Judge.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

BRYANT'S POETIC CAREER.

Two Facts About His Greatest Work, "Thanatopsis."

Bryant was nearly twenty-three years old when "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the North American Review. So much has been said about the astounding precocity of this poet and so many errors have accumulated around the publication of his masterpiece that it may be well to state the facts.

We know just two facts about this work. First, it was published when Bryant was almost twenty-three—not young for a poetic genius; second, that in its original published form in the North American Review it is not a remarkable poem.

It was in the 1821 edition of Bryant's poems, when the author was twenty-six or twenty-seven, that the work first appeared in its universally known form. Only a few minor changes were made after that date. This disposes of the generally accepted statement that "Thanatopsis" is a juvenile masterpiece.

Bryant was, however, a precocious poet, although his precocity is not displayed in his greatest work. One of the most extraordinary facts about his poetic career is that he actually published verse during the administration of Thomas Jefferson and during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes. So long a period and so slender an output speak well for his fastidious taste.

—North American Review.

ARMS OF ANTWERP.

They Recall the Queer Custom That Gave the City Its Name.

Historians relate that Antwerp takes its name from a castle which in Frankish times marked the site of the city. This castle was built to protect the entrance to the Scheldt and to prevent foreign traders introducing goods into the country without paying toll to the sovereign lord.

The penalty for theft and smuggling was in those days the cutting off of a hand, and, as in this case the severed members were thrown into the Scheldt, the castle came to be known as Antwerp—*or, in Flemish, Antwerpen*—"the place of hand throwing."

The castle and two severed hands appear on the city arms to this day.

Antwerp cathedral's tapering spire was once compared by Charles V. to a melon in lair. The towers of the old Steen castle, the fortress palace of the former counts of Antwerp, break the center of the line of docks and look as stolid and formidable as in the days when the castle was necessary to guard the shipping. Here were held those great fairs which during the middle ages served to attract merchants from all parts of the civilized world.—London Standard.

Made a Difference.

Many were the odd personal stories Consul General Fitzhugh Lee liked to tell to the American newspaper correspondents in Havana. One in particular amused him as much as did his listeners. The story was this:

"When the Civil war was over and I had given up my command and everything else I got a horse, thanks to Grant, to ride home on. I set off alone to get there."

"One morning I was passing a plantation when a white man plowing far off in a lot saw me and swinging his hat came running up to the road. I stopped, of course, and as I expected he asked me about the war. I told him it was over and that the Yankees had won."

"What that you mean, stranger?" he demanded. "Our army does give up?"

"Yes," I answered; "it's all over."

"I don't believe it," he asserted. "Well," I said, "it's true; Lee has surrendered and our boys have gone home. I going now."

"Lee surrendered?" repeated the planter. "What Lee do you mean, sir?"

"Gen. Robert E. Lee."

"Now I know you're lying," he said in a relieved tone. "You must mean Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; he may have surrendered, but old Robert E. Lee; just never could surrender."—New York Sun.

"Of course I think America the greatest country on earth. I was born here."

"I don't see how that fact supports your assertion as to its greatness."

"What is your favorite opera?"

"I don't dare mention it," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If I tell his name my daughter will try to sing some of it and then I won't like it any more."—Washington Star.

Dramatic Young Lady (spending the summer on a farm)—Just hear those old trees in the orchard how they moan and groan as a lost child crying!

Small Boy—I guess you'd make a racket too, if you were as full of green apples as they are.—Exchange.

"Do you own any real estate?"

"Oh, no; we never expect to own any real estate."

"Why not?"

"We own an automobile."—Houston Post.

"Then you've given up the idea of taking singing lessons?" "Yes, I find it would take me three years to learn to sing as well as I thought I sang already."—Boston Transcript.

Children are taught to be kind to dumb brutes, and something should be imposed on Father.—Acheson Globe.

Johnny—What is an expert, pa?

Pa—A fellow who tells others how to do things he can't do himself.—Judge.

Mrs. Winstons' motherly eye has been used by millions of mothers for their children while testing. It disturbed at night a broken rest by a sick child suffering and tossing with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winstons' Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no truer remedy for all the little ailments, soothe the inflamed, red, swollen throat, loosen the hard, swollen Gums, reduce inflammation, and give tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winstons' Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sent by mail, drugists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSTONS' SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Foot and Drug Act, June 26th, 1915. See the wrapper.

"Our minister has received a call from somewhere at a higher salary and I understand he is at home praying for guidance."

"What does his wife think about it?"

"Oh, she's packing up."—Boston Transcript.

Hicks—Is your partner a man of good judgment?"

Wicks—Excellent. He never makes a move without taking my advice.

"Why do you compare my marksmanship with lightning?" asked the recruit.

"Because," replied the instructor, "it never hits twice in the same place."—Washington Star.

"Slow up a bit, my dear," said Mr. O'Boose to his slender young wife who was walking too rapidly for him. "Remember the proverb: 'The more waist, the less speed.'"

In a recent chemistry test Professor Clauser asked: "Does any question puzzle you?"

"No; they are quite clear, thank you; it's the answers that bother me."—College Rays.

"My most disturbing thought is that I may die and leave my son unprovided for."

"But won't he be able to make his own living?"

"No, the poor fellow is too sadly handicapped. He is a genius."—Houston Post.

The Pawn Ticket—You're in the wrong place to have this filled, said the druggist.

"Why?"

"Because this slip of paper calls for an overcoat."—Judge.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending a letter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, and accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1915.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

1770. R. I. College removed to Providence and building erected R. I. Hall.

1770. Boston Massacre, Mar. 5th.

1775. May 18, John Saville, Tidewater, tarred and feathered in Providence.

1772. Gaspee destroyed, Government Schooner, June 10th.

1774. 40 cannon removed from the public battery, and assembly take measures to provide arms, and military stores for the inhabitants.

1775. Battle of Lexington, Apr. 17.

1776. British troops take possession of New York Sept. 16.

1776. British troops take possession of Rhode Island, Dec. 8.

1776. Member of Rhode Island troops in United States army, 798.

1777. General Prescott captured July 10th, by Col. Barton.

1777. R. I. troops in Continental Army 548.

1777. Syren, Ship of war, 28 guns, 150 men run on shore at Point Judith, Nov. 6, and was captured by a party on shore, though the instrumentality of an 18 lb. under direction of Gideon Davenport.

1778. Sullivan's Expedition. The French Fleet, 12 ships of the line and 6 frigates, arrived, July 28, under Count D'Estaing. Americans commenced a retreat on 23rd Aug. and evacuated the Island on the 30th. American loss 211. British 260.

1778. R. I. Troops in Continental Army, 630.

1778. William Greene, Warwick, Gov't.

1779. R. I. Troops, 507.

1779. British evacuated R. I. Oct. 28.

1780. Newport Mercury revived Dec. 2, by Henry Barber.

1780. Very Severe Storm, January 2, the winter was most severe ever known. 40 days, continuous frost.

1780. Dark day, May 19.

1780. R. I. Troops, 915.

1780. French Fleet under Chevalier De Ternay, 7 ships of the line, 5 frigates and 5 smaller vessels, with French Army of 6000 men under Count De Rochambeau, arrived at Newport July 10.

1780. Admiral De Ternay died, Dec. 18.

1781. The French Troops marched, early in July to join American Army.

1781. Cornwallis Surrenders at Yorktown, Oct. 19.

1782. Articles of peace agreed on Nov. 30.

1781. R. I. Troops, 464.

1782. R. I. Troops, 431.

1782. General Charles Lee, died at Philadelphia, Oct. 5, age 55.

1783. Treaty Signed, Sept. 23.

1783. R. I. Troops, 372, one Reg't, Col. Jeremiah Olney.

1783. Expenses of war \$185,105,703. (To be continued)

ABSTRACT OF WILLS from Newport Town Records. Probate Book 4. From Dr. Turner's manuscript now in custody of the Newport Historical Society.

Coggeshall. Bachus, Will, proved May 2, 1808, mentions wife Anna, Sole heir and Executrix.

Coggeshall. Elisha, Will, proved Feb. 6, 1809, mentions: Son Henry; Daughters, Mary; Elizabeth Coggeshall; Catherine, wife of Nicholas Taylor; Son, John Coggeshall; Dan, Abigail Thompson, wife of Samuel; Dan, Henrietta Champlin, wife of Adam B. Champlin; Grandchildren: Joseph Dean; Charlotte Williams; Abr'm Dean; John Callender; Henry Callender; George W. Callender; (last three—children of daughter Martha Callender dec.) Thompson Wells, Elisha C. Wells, children of daughter Charlotte Wells and her husband Palmer Wells. Executors: John Coggeshall, Nicholas Taylor. Witnesses: James Taylor, Cornell Littlefield, Edw'd Thurston.

Champlin. George, Will, proved Nov. 25, 1809, mentions: sister, Elizabeth Jenkins; wife's niece, Ruth Champlin, dau. of John; brother, Asa Champlin; brother, Josias Champlin; sister, Hannah Thompson, widow; sister, Sarah Rhodes, wife of William Rhodes; sister, Ann Rhodes, wife of Joseph Rhodes; wife's niece, Martha Rogers, dau. of Joseph Rogers; wife's niece, Frances Hazard, wife of John Hazard, Jr.; wife's niece, Martha Channing; My niece, Mary McRea, dau. of my brother Robert Champlin, dec.; My niece, Elizabeth Mason, dau. of my niece Margaret Mason; wife's nephew, Edward Hazard; Thomas Cranston Hazard, son of Edward Hazard; Friend, James Robinson, one fifth of Duck Factory; nephew, George Champlin Mason, son of niece Margaret Mason; 1st. Congregational Society \$1000; niece, Hannah Perry, wife of John Perry; niece, Elizabeth Hazard, wife of Mumford Hazard; niece, Christiana Potter, dau. of niece Abigail Potter dec.; niece, Abigail Potter, dau. of niece, Abigail dec.; niece, Thomas Whitaker, wife of Jabez Whitaker; niece, Sarah Champlin, dau. of nephew John Champlin; niece, Mary Champlin; dau. of nephew John Champlin; nephew, Christopher Grant Champlin, Executor. Car. G. Champlin. Witnesses: Cora Fowler, Asa Taylor, John L. Boss, Jun.

Globe. George, Will, proved Dec. 2, 1809, mentions: sister, Sarah Champlin and her daughter Ruth; sister, Elizabeth Greene; children, Mary Globe, George Globe, John Globe, Sarah Globe, Elizabeth Globe, William Champlin, George Globe, Peter Champlin, Walter Champlin, Executors: Mary Globe, wife of Walter Champlin; George Champlin; Carl Champlin; James Robinson; of Newport; John T. Champlin of New York. Witnesses: Edw'd T. Waring; William Waring; Tom Waring.

Miller. Nathan Hall, Will, proved May 7, 1891, mentions: wife, Polly Miller; brother John Miller; brother William Miller; wife Polly solo Executrix. Witnesses: William Ellery Jr.; Edw'd T. Ellery; Christ. Ellery.

Miller. Elizabeth, widow, Will, proved Aug. 6, 1891, mentions: son Nathan, and Polly his wife; son William; grandchildren Mary, James, Desire, John and William Miller. Estate in Broad Street, formerly belonging to her father and brother Late Son John. (To be continued.)

Queries.

5235. REED, WILCOX—Amos Reed, born 1789, in R. I., married Rhoda Wilcox, 1828, and had Elizabeth, the oldest, b. 1827; Henry D.; Cordelia; Cordella M.; Edgar F.; Jared L.; John J.; and Alice. All genealogical data and Revolutionary service, if any, desired of the Ancestors of Amos and Rhoda. Amos lived in Herkimer Co., N. Y., where he died.—S. W.

5236. WHITFIELD, CARPENTER—Job Whitfield born Mar. 30, 1749, died Sept. 18, 1822, married Freelove Carpenter (b. 1749, d. 1834) in 1772. Their children were: Silvia, b. 1773; Olive, b. 1778; David, b. 1778; Otis, b. 1777; Daniel, b. 1782; Lydia, b. 1784; William, b. 1786; Betsey, b. 1790; Anna, b. 1791. Job Whitfield at one time lived in Cumberland, R. I., later moving to New York, and locating either at Greenwich or Saratoga Springs. Did he serve in the Revolution? If so, official proof desired.—S. W.

5237. BOWEN, WOOD—Eleanor Bowen of Rehoboth, Mass., M. Lydia Wood and served in the Rev. He had a son George, of Gloucester, R. I., who was born 1747, died 1831, and married Inspection Peck. Did he, also, serve in the Revolution?—A. R.

5238. FULLER—Timothy and Jeremiah Strait Fuller were born in Providence, R. I., in 1780 and 1783, respectively. Ancestry, with all genealogical data, and Rev. service, if any, desired.—W. R.

5239. BROWN, GARDINER—Was Martha Brown of Wickford, R. I., who m. Nathaniel Gardiner, of Rev. ancestry?—S. L.

5240. NICHOLAS, GREENE—Wanted, ancestry of Elizabeth Nicholas, who m. Hon. John Greene, of Kingston, R. I. What was the date of her marriage, and did her parents render Rev. service?—M. J.

5241. WHITFORD, WICKS, GORTON—Alice Whitford m. March 18, 1788, David Gorton, who was b. at Warwick, R. I., Nov. 24, 1788; Elder John Gorton officiated. Alice's parents were George Whitford and Hannah Wicks. Did either George Whitford or the parents of either George or Hannah serve in the Revolution? What were the names of the parents of Hannah (Wicks) Whitford?—M. J.

5242. KEACH, (KEACH)—The marriage record of George Whitman to Susanna Keach calls her the daughter of Seth Keach. A Seth Keach of Cranston, R. I., married Waity Abbott May 29, 1774; served in the Rev. and died March 21, 1831. His widow died in 1837. In 1850 a pension was granted to two of his children, Seth Jr. and Waity Wood. Was this Seth Keach Sen. the father of Susanna (Keach) Whitman, who must have been born not later than 1787? The family record says 1781 and gives George Whitman's birth as 1770. The latter died in 1834, and Susanna married a Kingsley for her (2d) husband.—W. F.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From Our Regular Correspondent) The Guild of St. Paul's Church held an all day meeting at the Guild House on Tuesday, with a large attendance. The day was spent in preparing for the lawn party. Luncheon was served.

This year will be a noteworthy one at the Portsmouth Camp Grounds when the society will hold its 25th annual camp meeting. There are to be many well known preachers, among them Evangelist G. A. Hogan of Long Beach, Cal., who will be the principal speaker; Rev. John Norberry, Rev. U. G. Schurman, Rev. S. W. Beers, Rev. G. G. Edwards, Rev. Frank Talbot and Rev. F. W. Donima.

Misses Marguerite Holman and M. Finis Macomber are attending the yearly meeting of Friends at the Moses Brown School, Providence.

Mr. Louis Chase has gone to a Providence hospital for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Coggeshall entertained recently Mr. and Mrs. Lester Coggeshall, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Manchester, Mr. Ernest Coggeshall, Mrs. Almira Tallman and Mrs. William C. Dennis.

Mrs. H. Frank Anthony is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lawton in Gloversville, N. Y. Mr. Anthony is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Grinnell.

Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., held their annual lawn party on the grounds adjoining the chapter house, which was prettily decorated with flags. Sandwiches, coffee and ice cream were served by Miss Harriet F. Sanford and Miss Evelyn B. Chase. Mrs. D. Frank Hall was at the cake table. Mrs. George Thurston at the candy table. Mrs. Phoebe Manchester assisted by Miss Dorothy Sherman served tea. Mrs. Henry Peate and Miss Orreana Anthony were in charge of the fancy work. Mrs. Joseph Barker sold white aprons, and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman sold colored aprons. Mrs. Clarence Brown sold dolls. Miss Helen Coggeshall was in charge of the grab bag. Mrs. Albert C. Hall was in charge of the arrangements. Mr. Arthur Chase won the fruit cake, by holding the lucky admission ticket, and Miss Eliza Hall won a sofa pillow which was sold on shares.

Mrs. Harry Bailey, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. A. Steele, has returned to her home in Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Clara E. Dennis is entertaining Mrs. Peterson of Barrington, R. I.

Rev. and Mrs. Geisler of Tolland, Conn., have been guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fremont Grinnell.

Mrs. John M. E. Hodge entertained the King's Daughters at the regular meeting.

Rev. John M. Geisler of Tolland, Ct., formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town, conducted the funeral service for the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Luther P. Chase.

Hannah C., wife of Alfred H. Borden, died at her home on East Main Road last Thursday. She was the daughter

The Aetna Life Insurance Company

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STORE, 162 BROADWAY

Telephone, Elevator, 208

Store, 181

Like the Rock of Gibraltar

The sun may beat down upon it! but there's "nothing doing" in the melt line if your ice is in a Ranney Refrigerator. Nothing can penetrate the walls that stand between the inside and the outside—it is the ice man's Waterloo. Sweet as honey or you're to blame for every inch of the inside can be taken out for scalding and sun drying.

It's the Best Refrigerator Built

and costs no more than other kinds.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

PROTECTION

When you leave home on a business trip, wouldn't it be a comfort to know there's a telephone at home for the protection of your family?

A telephone means security for the home during your absence. It helps dispel dull moments by making possible pleasant little chats with friends or neighbors.

It allows you, too, to keep in touch with your home, from almost any place.

Why not have the ALL-THE-TIME PROTECTION of a telephone in your home?



Providence

Telephone Co.

Contract Dept.

142 Spring Street

Savings Bank of Newport.

Newport, R. I.,

June 16, 1915.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of this Bank will be held at the banking room on Friday, July 16th, 1915, at 3.30 p. m.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 17, 1915, commences to draw interest on that date.

of Peleg and Mary Collins, having been born in Narragansett, R. I., in 1832. She was for nine years a teacher in the public schools here. In 1883 she married Alfred H. Borden, and had one son, Horace LeRoy Borden, who is a teacher of Latin and History in the high school at Walpole, Mass. She leaves also three sisters and two brothers, Lillian, wife of Alonzo E. Borden of this town, Mrs. Sarah Woodward of Rockport, Mass., Miss Ella Collins of Cranston, R. I., Alfred Collins of Worcester, Mass., and Clarke Collins of Johnston, Pa. She has been ill about three years. She was superintendent of the Friends' Sunday School for a number of years until her failing health prevented her attendance. She was also a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The funeral was held at the Friends' Church Saturday afternoon, Rev. John S. Kimber of Newport conducted the service. Mrs. Sowle and Miss M. Fida Macomber sang a duet, and Mrs. Richard Macomber sang a solo. The bearers were Richard R. Macomber, Albert W. Lawrence, Frederick Holman and William K. Boyd. The in-

terment was in the Friends' Cemetery. There were many handsome floral offerings.

St. Mary's Church was filled on Tuesday evening when Bishop James DeWolf Perry was present and gave an address. At the close there was time spent in the general discussion of parish business.

Mrs. George G. Brawley is visiting her son Daniel W. Brawley of Providence, who will celebrate his 21st birthday during his mother's visit. Mr. Brawley has a government position in Providence.

Mr. William Barclay, manager at Glen Farm is seriously ill.

Mr. Gabriel Weis,

15 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

announces the opening on JULY 1st of a

BRANCH STORE,

at 124 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

For the Exhibition and Sale of Fine, Rare and Latest Books.

NEWPORT BEACH

OPENING

SATURDAY, JUNE 26

First Shore Dinner of the Season

Starting at Twelve O'Clock Noon and everyday thereafter

Regular Dinner 60 Cts—Special (with Lobster) 85 Cts.

DANCING

Opening of Dancing Pavilion Monday Afternoon, June 28

EVERY AFTERNOON

EVERY EVENING

MUSIC BY NEWPORT MANDOLIN BAND.

ADMISSION AFTERNOONS 10c.

ADMISSION EVENINGS LADIES 15c, GENTLEMEN 25c

BATHING SEASON IS NOW ON.

Temperature of water from 69 to 70 degrees.

Hot Salt Water Baths Open Saturday.

NEWPORT BEACH

Island Savings Bank.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum has been declared payable to the depositors July 1st, 1915.

GEORGE H. PHOUB, Treasurer.

June 21, 1915—2 1/2-3v

Probate Court of the City of Newport,

June 20th, 1915.

Estate of Jennie May Baldwin.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Jennie May Baldwin, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is read and referred to the twelfth day of July next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

5-30-3v

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Another Car

of

Jewett Pianos

JUST RECEIVED.

This is the 4th car since

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New Jewett Pianos

From \$350,

Come to day to see them,

BARNEY'S Music Store.

140 Thames Street

Summer

Shoes

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AND

Outing Shoes

In great variety. Special attention given children's foot wear wants.

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.,

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

NOTICE.

AUTOMOBILISTS

May 1st

Ferryboat Bristol on the line for the season opening up the best route between Newport and Providence via Bristol Ferry and Bristol.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, June 15th, 1915. THE UNDERSIGNED, hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of TIMOTHY W. QUILL, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ELLEN T. QUILL.

Carr's List.

A FAR COUNTRY,

by Winston Churchill.

SUNDOWN SLIM,

by H. H. Knibbs.

Author of "Overland Red."

THE SPLENDID CHANCE,

by Mary Hastings Bradley.

THE AMERICAN NAVY,

by Rear Admiral French

E. Chadwick.

211-213 Thames Street.

Tel. 633

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shoreham, R. I., June 21st, 1915.

Estate of Charles Hall.

MAURICE H. HALL, Administrator of the estate of Charles Hall, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, reports his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the fifth day of July 1915, at two o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

5-12-3v

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Have been received in past years from.

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AND OUR

Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.

Be sure to get the Genuine

At the Store of

Mackenzie & Winslow

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co.

PEOPLE

in the

West and South

desiring to buy or rent

Newport Real Estate

would do well to confer with

SIMON HAZARD,

213 280 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

Best Prices

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Old Engravings

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112 Bellevue Avenue.

—417

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CORRECT STYLES

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